APR 22 1931 OCT-31930

TEN CENTS A COPY

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME VII NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1930 NUMBER 6

Homely Language

IN one of the random essays which display his characteristically ripe thought and sensitive prose and which are now shortly to be brought out in book form,* the late C. E. Montague remarks "anything is of use which helps to clear out of your mind the notion that language is, or ought to be, a finished and immutable system in which certain words are indefeasibly high-castes and certain other words are doomed for ever to be untouchables." And Mr. Montague manages in his own happy use of an occasionally racy expression to prove, as he develops his thesis, how entirely right he is in believing that a homely word or a slang phrase judiciously employed may add a fillip to writing.

Though he would probably have been the last to claim it, Mr. Montague is his own best example of what makes for distinguished style, for he represents that mastery of craftsmanship together with that hospitality of mind toward the unorthodox in usage that alone results in vigorous composition. Like the expert in any field, he is so thoroughly conversant with the conventions of his art that he can with impunity flaunt them when his writing would seem to gain in virility and expressiveness by so doing. That is to say, having made the elements of good writing second nature, he can afford to transmogrify academic correctness by injecting into it certain unconventional piquancies.

* * *

There are two misconceptions—at the opposite extremes from each other—which seem above all others to pervade the minds and mar the performance of many, especially of many of our young, authors. The one is the conviction that to be different, to subvert the traditions of literary practice, is to be individual and therefore interesting, and the other is the belief that to diverge from usage, and relax to the informal, is to be amateurish and slovenly. Much of our contemporary experimentation in literature has been nothing more than the ignoring of basic conventions—fundamental to all good writing and underlying all variations—by those who are either too ignorant or too perverse to admit that before the generally accepted can be overridden it must be mastered. Whether an artist be a Matisse or an Amy Lowell he must be proficient in the technique of his art before he can justly take liberties with it. Merely to be different is frequently, if not generally, to be wrong. For the canons of any art are after all those rules which time and experience have proved to be most generally and most consistently effective. On the other hand, merely to conform is to produce what may be academically correct but is likely to be trite and uninteresting. Good writing divided by rules leaves a remainder, and that remainder is the individual twist given to style by the angle of vision and reflection of the author. Which, of course, is merely to paraphrase Buffon's "the style's the man."

* * *

It is the young writer especially who seems to fall prey to the second misconception and to be dogged by the belief that to inject a colloquialism or a slang phrase into his narrative is necessarily to be inept and censurable. Yet it is not slang in itself that is weak and inelegant, only its use where more polished expression as adequately conveys the desired impression. A living language, indeed, constantly draws refreshment from slang, taking on strength by this marriage of the commonalty into the aristocracy. Our Anglo-Saxon speech has always had an affinity for the short and racy expression, and much of its strength has lain in the pithy picturesqueness of the colloquialisms which time has filtered into the stream of the language. A few generations, and slang that is vividly pictorial has often advanced from being an humble intruder to patrician estate. "A Shakespeare or a Bunyan," says Mr. Montague, speaking of such stragglers, "knows how to prize them. He uses them for his own ends. And everybody who loves the language enough to want to keep it always young and racy ought to turn out too and keep the pedants from running amuck." Good advice, if wisely applied, and safeguarded by Pope's admonition as to words:

> Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
> Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

* A Writer's Notes on His Trade. By C. E. Montague. (Doubleday, Doran.)

The Swallows

By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

THEY have dipped in secret springs
Of music and have wet their wings
With a mystery of motion
Such as animates the ocean.

Clean as scissors, straight as knives,
Their wings work with a dozen lives
Beyond the one that falls and rises
In their ribs in new surprises.

Ask the light wind if it knows
Or plans the journey that it goes,
But never ask the swallows where
They will next caress the air.

They only know how they are bound
To wings that barely tip the ground,
Wings that hurtle high and dive
Independently alive.

This Week

"Cardinal Newman."
Reviewed by BERNARD IDDINGS BELL.

"Johnson of the Mohawks."
Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS.

"A Brass Hat in No Man's Land."
Reviewed by EMERSON TAYLOR.

"Gulf Stream."
Reviewed by CHARLES MCD. PUCKETTE.

"Fifteen Rabbits."
Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM.

Ohio River.
By MARK VAN DOREN.

"The Life of Giovanni Boccaccio."
Reviewed by THOMAS G. BERGIN.

"Astrology: Your Place Among the Stars."
Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS.

"The Decline of the Medieval Church."
Reviewed by CHARLES FRANCIS RONAYNE.

"Mazzini's Letters."
Reviewed by I. W. ESHLMAN.

Next Week, or Later

Lewis Carroll.
By WALTER DE LA MARE.

In Queen Anne's Day*

By GEORGE MACAULAY TREVELYAN

GREATER London of Queen Anne's day was the center of English literary and intellectual life, and of fashion, law, and government. As in the reign of Charles II, the coffee house was still the centre of social life. It afforded a much needed relaxation of the severe drinking habits of the time, for alcohol was not to be had on the premises. A list of some of the coffee houses in Queen Anne's reign runs to nearly five hundred names. Every respectable Londoner had his favorite house, where his friends or clients could seek him at known hours.

> "Remember, John,
> "If any ask, to th' Coffee House I'm gone,"

says the citizen to his apprentice as he leaves the shop.

> Then at Lloyd's Coffee House he never fails
> To read the letters and attend the sales.

The *beau monde* assembled at White's Chocolate House in St. James's Street, where, as Harley bitterly complained to Swift, young noblemen were fleeced and corrupted by fashionable gamblers and profligates. Tories went to the Cocoa Tree Chocolate House, Whigs to St. James's Coffee House. Will's, near Covent Garden, was the resort of poets, critics, and their patrons; Truby's served the clergy, and the Grecian the world of scholarship; nor were there lacking houses for Dissenters, for Quakers, for Papists, and for Jacobites. The "universal liberty of speech of the English nation," uttered amid clouds of tobacco smoke, with equal vehemence whether against the Government and the Church, or against their enemies, had long been the wonder of foreigners; it was the quintessence of coffee house life.

* * *

The coffee house filled the place now occupied by the club, but in a more cheap and informal manner, and with a greater admission of strangers. In days when men stood much on their rank, it had a levelling influence: at the coffee house "you will see blue ribbons and stars sitting familiarly with private gentlemen as if they had left their quality and degrees of distance at home." But that was not all. In days before telegrams and effective journalism, news could be most easily obtained at the coffee house. The Windsor, at Charing Cross, advertised itself as supplying the "best chocolate at twelve pence the quart and the translation of the *Harlem Courant* soon after the post is come in." Not only was news sought for its political, military, and general interest, but for the strictly business purposes of commerce as at Lloyd's. Edward Lloyd, whose surname instantly rises to men's lips when they speak of shipping to-day, was, when he walked the earth, nothing more or less than a coffee house keeper in Lombard Street in Queen Anne's reign. At this house merchants came for the latest information, and for the personal intercourse and advice necessary for all transactions. Newspapers had then no commercial column and no details of shipping. The spoken word did many things that print does to-day, and for merchants the word was spoken at Lloyd's. Before Anne's reign ended Lloyd had set up a pulpit for auctions and for reading out the news.

At six o'clock the theatres began to fill. A patriotic Briton has thus described the scene:

* This article is to constitute portion of a chapter of George Macaulay Trevelyan's "England under Queen Anne," shortly to be published by Longmans, Green & Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> The pit contains the gentlemen on benches; and on the first story of boxes sit all the ladies of quality; in the second, the citizens' wives and daughters; and in the third, the common people and footmen; so that between the acts you are as much diverted by viewing the beauties of the audience, as while they act with the subject of the play; and the whole is illuminated to the greatest advantage. Whereas abroad, the stage only being illuminated, and the lodge or boxes close, you lose the pleasure of seeing the company. And indeed the English have reason in this, for no nation in the world can show such an assembly of shining beauties as here.

The footmen aloft in "Olympus," had been originally admitted there free to form a *claque*, and had conspired to treat this concession as their inalienable privilege; they had become the tyrants of the house, a plague to managers and to the politer part of the audience, interrupting the most affecting passages in the play with savage clamor.

But on the whole the London theatres catered for people who were cultured or desired to be thought so. The drama had not yet been divorced from literature to marry commerce, and was still conducted on a repertory basis. Shakespeare was gaining rather than losing ground, though in versions disastrously mangled. The genius of Betterton and Mrs. Bracegirdle in the early years of Anne, and the critiques of the *Spectator* in the latter part of the reign, were preparing the way for the apotheosis of the national poet in the era of Garrick and Johnson. Actors' reputations were made in "Hamlet" and "Othello," as they seldom are to-day.

Sometimes, indeed, the ladies of the audience were insensible even to the charms of Betterton acting Shakespeare. In 1709 a susceptible Irish baronet complains "that they can talk of indifferent things while the tenderest passions of their whole frame are called for. Whereas I own freely had not Desdemona been very ugly I had certainly pulled out my handkerchief. There will be another trial of them this night at 'Hamlet.'"

Betterton's power was matched by his restraint. Instead of ranting as Hamlet, at the entry of the ghost, "he opened with a pause of mute amazement; rising slowly to a solemn, trembling voice, he made the ghost equally terrible to the Spectator as to himself." In Brutus quarrelling with Cassius, "his spirit

Othello.

* * *

But most of the plays acted belonged to the contemporary comedy of manners; its best writers, Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar are still, after more than two centuries, familiar to "the town," or at least to the suburbs. In their own day, the attack launched on the immorality of the stage by Jeremy Collier, the Nonjuror, was a theme of discussion constantly renewed throughout the reign of Anne. Collier's first blast had been blown in 1698, but the argument was carried on for years by other clergymen—"venomed priests" as they were called in Vanbrugh's Prologues. The clerical critics were able to draw on a formidable armory of undesirable passages quoted from the dramas of the day. The assault, though exaggerated and in part misdirected, was neither unprovoked nor ineffectual. Colley Cibber, actor-manager and dramatist, confessed that:

> the calling our dramatic writers to a strict account had a very wholesome effect. They were now a great deal more upon their guard; indecencies were no longer wit; and by degrees the fair sex came again to fill the boxes on the first day of a new comedy without fear or censure.

Colley Cibber's own play, "The Careless Husband," which appeared in 1704, turns on the reclamation of an erring husband by the virtues of his wife. Cibber, who was very far from being the dullard that Pope afterwards made him out, had perceived shortly after the accession of Anne that the moment had come for a play with a moral ending, but still enlivened by dialogue and situation not too refined: with the help of the rising star of Nance Oldfield, "The Careless Husband" became the theatrical success of the winter that followed Blenheim. The dramas of Anne's reign were, on the average, less heartless than those of the preceding decades. The comedies of Addison, Steele, and Mrs. Centlivre gave a kindlier and less cynical view of men and women than the abler work of Congreve, who never wrote a play after 1700. Indeed, by the end of the Queen's reign sentimentalism was a fault of the modern playwrights, both comic and tragic. The tragedies of Rowe, like the essays and plays of Addison, were addressed to "the fair sex" that now mingled with the male part of the audience without fear of being put to the blush. And increasingly the tone of the theatre was set by the middle classes rather than by the Court. The stage therefore became more respectable and more sentimental than in the period of the Restoration Comedy.

One peculiarity of the stage at this time was that nearly all the dramatists were Whigs, and that consequently the army, during the Marlborough wars, was represented in a sympathetic light, instead of being pursued with the rancor which Tory writers like Swift so often showed in speaking of a redcoat. Congreve, Addison, Rowe, Mrs. Centlivre, and Colley Cibber were Whigs, and Farquhar, Vanbrugh, and Steele were not only Whigs but soldiers. But the politics of the audience was by no means entirely Whig. Indeed, during the period of Marlborough's greatest unpopularity with the Tories, at the close of the war which he had won for England, the management thought fit to interpolate in the middle of the deceased Farquhar's "Recruiting Officer" a chorus of soldiers in uniform, to sing a scurrilous song against Marlborough's avarice, ending every verse with the chorus:

> But Marlborough not a penny.

One of the Duke's daughters who was present "blushed scarlet," but the play was interrupted for a quarter of an hour by the frenzied cheering of the Tory ladies and gentlemen.

In music, the age of Anne saw the invasion and conquest of England by the Italian opera, under the able leadership of Nicolini and his band of eunuchs. There was a short struggle, in which native musical tradition attempted to hold its own. Steele, in the Epilogue to his "Tender Husband," exhorted the audience,

> No more th' Italian squalling tribe admit,
> In tongues unknown; 'tis Popery in wit,

while Addison's other friend Tickell denounced it as,

> Nonsense well tuned and sweet stupidity.

But the ladies loved to see "Nicolini strangle a lion with great gallantry," and the Italian opera took hold. It became the vogue to depreciate Purcell and old English songs and music, once held to be the

many things had prepared the way for this musical surrender to the Italians. By the end of the reign Addison had sadly to admit: "The foreign tone and manner which are expected in everything now performed among us, has put music itself to a stand." It was not till the following reign that the ingenious Mr. Gay created in the comic or ballad opera a refuge for English humor and English musical genius, where they survived in a state of semi-obscurity, with the help of Dibdin, till the advent of Gilbert and Sullivan.

The reading public was still so small that authors could not live by their sales alone. It is true that Defoe, Addison, and Swift were creating forms of literature and journalism that greatly enlarged the area influenced by the pen. But patronage was still necessary for authors to subsist, and it could be courted in a variety of ways: the aspirant might present copies, or dedicate editions of his works to "a person of quality," who might reward him with a bag of guineas, or haply with a living, or with a post in public or private service; or else he might write political poems, pamphlets, and reviews for the Whig or Tory parties, to earn similar rewards from the party leaders.

Of the personal relationship of author and patron, the following example will serve, though here too an element of the political can perhaps be detected: a certain Joseph Harris writes to Thomas Coke, M. P.:

> Some time since I presented to your honor a book which I writ on my Lord Duke of Marlborough; and last summer I presented another book to you, called Luzzara, being an encomium on Prince Eugene of Savoy. As yet I have never had any return for either of those presents to your honor, wherefore now, by reason I am very ill and lame of rheumatism, I humbly make bold to address myself to your honor either for small charity, or for return of the books that I may present them to some other person of quality. I have nothing but what I get by translating out of Latin, Greek, and Spanish to maintain my wife and four children.

There speaks the authentic, unhappy voice of Grub Street. There were many more servants of the Muse living like poor Harris than like Secretary Addison, Dean Swift, or Sir Richard Steele.

In his life of Matthew Prior, Dr. Johnson remarks: "Throughout the reigns of William and Anne no prosperous event passed undignified by poetry." The flood of such patriotic verses, dedicated to all the statesmen and generals in the country, has sunk, as floods sink, into the ground in deserved oblivion, all save Addison's "Campaign" that still adds lustre to Blenheim. But the prose of Whig and Tory polemics contained a larger proportion of stuff destined to endure: Swift and Addison, as journalists, spoke to their day but they have been overheard by the ages. The importance of the pamphlet and of the political review, and the price that political leaders were ready to pay the writers thereof, naturally resulted from government by Parliament and by public opinion. It was for this reason that Voltaire in his youth found that literary men were much more highly esteemed in England than in his own despotically governed country. Political power could not be exercised in England unless a wide public had first been persuaded. As there was then no reporting of speeches or publication of parliamentary debates, and very few political meetings of any kind, literary men had to be employed to say to the people what the political leaders wished to have said. Men with this gift occupied, therefore, a very high place in the society of Queen Anne's reign, while their brother poets were starving in garrets.

The rich rewards of political literature was one of the causes why men of letters, though they still wrote verse as well as prose, were turning away even in their verse from poetry and imagination to the prosaic and journalistic spirit of the clear, rational eighteenth century. Milton, indeed, had written political pamphlets, but their best passages had retained the quality of great poetry rather than of skilled pamphleteering. This cannot be said of any writer in the age of Anne.

The censorship had been removed in 1695 and a vested interest in free literature had consequently sprung up. When it was proposed to restore the censorship in 1703 "to restrain the licentiousness of the press," the workmen printers of London petitioned the House of Commons that they would be thrown out of work in great numbers if the bill became law. This national industry born of freedom

In the days of the Popish Plot and the Revolution, it had been customary to satisfy the thirst for news by "newsletters" in manuscript sent down from the capital to correspondents in the provinces. But when Anne ascended the throne, written communications were beginning to be replaced by the printing of a dozen London newspapers. The newspaper usually consisted of a single sheet of two printed sides, sometimes folded into four pages; it appeared two or three times in the week, and contained the main items of home and foreign intelligence, set down without comment. The last half page was devoted to advertisements of such items as patent medicines, sales of houses, meetings for "the noble and heroic sport of cockfighting," or the vent of Portugal wine by Messrs. Brook and Hellier. Some papers gave a Tory twist to their news, like the *Postboy*, or a Whig twist like the *Postman*. But the news was much the same in all, and there was no leading article.

There was, however, another type of periodical, like the Whig *Observator* and Defoe's *Review* in the early years of the Queen's reign, giving little news but commenting at length upon news reported elsewhere. A few years later this new method of journalism reached its perfection in the *Spectators* and *Examiners* of Steele, Addison, and Swift.

By the end of the reign, a few of the largest provincial capitals had started newspapers of their own, upon the London model. Such was the *Newcastle Courant* begun in 1711. The first serious check to the rapid and healthy growth of journalism that signalized the reign of Anne was the effective measure taken to muzzle the press by Bolingbroke, when in 1712 he put a heavy duty on newspapers and their advertisements.

Some counties had no printing presses at all, and the greatest provincial capitals seldom had more than one or two apiece. All England looked to London as the original source of news, opinions, and arguments of every color in politics, religion, literature, and fashion—and to London, Oxford and Cambridge for works of learning. The printer was generally a bookseller, who sold the books he printed. The London booksellers were most of them attached either to the Whig or Tory cause, and some of them to the Jacobite.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An Eminent Victorian

CARDINAL NEWMAN. By J. Lewis May. New York: The Dial Press. 1930. $3.50.

Reviewed by Bernard Iddings Bell

St. Stephen's College, Columbia University

THERE have been few biographies of John Henry Newman, probably for the reason that the official "Life" by Wilfred Ward is extraordinarily good. Also, as Mr. May truly says in his introduction, Newman does not furnish easy material for the fashionable psychographic biographers of the moment, because their chief stock in trade is to upset popular reputations, and Newman has today very little, if any, popular appeal. His meassage is essentially to those who can both think and appreciate a subtlety of spiritual essence. He is almost startlingly unknown in the twentieth century, or at least he has been until lately. Now that values are again being appreciated, now that our post-war weariness is disappearing as there emerge more and more people who never endured its exhaustion, Newman is certain to gain new esteem as a man of penetrating intellect, sensitivity to form, and instinctive mastery of English prose. A new biography is needed.

Mr. May is modest in his intention. He pretends to possess no new material that is pertinent. Everything in his book may also be found in the Ward "Life." He has tried merely to tell how Newman has influenced "one who, though not a theologian, nor worthy to be the champion of any school of religious thought, nor deeply versed in science or philosophy, is nevertheless, as he trusts, not wholly insensible to beauty, whether in literature, in nature, or in human life." It is of Newman the artist that he would speak, and he does it competently. There are not only frequent citations of Newman's extraordinary facility with English words, but also analysis of how his best effects are produced. One is glad to note a realization that Newman had in him scarcely a trace of the conscious craftsman. He had probably little suspicion that he was a master of prose style. He apparently cared not a jot for literary reputation. He had things to say which seemed to him important and urgently in need of utterance. He knew how to write without thinking about it. He had been trained in that best school of English style, a sound classical education. Moreover, he had had sufficient musical training to have developed an innate valuing of sound and rhythm. Thus he had learned his craft. He could give his attention to substance; the style took care of itself. All of this Mr. May understands and effectively illustrates. Nor, in his attention to what Newman wrote, does he neglect to notice the beauty of what Newman was, his true distinction.

* * *

It is good to recall, as one reads this pleasant book, the chief events of this long life, each period of which was distinguished by some great literary production: the Oxford days, with the University and Parochial Sermons and the Tracts; the uncertainty which accompanied the long composition of the "Essay on the Development of Dogma"; that struggle of the convert for recognition from his new co-religionists which culminated in his greatest intellectual work, the "Idea of a University"; that defense against Kingsley's imputation of dishonesty which called forth what is the most human of his writings, the breath-taking "Apologia." Nor are the quiet days at Littlemore, at Maryvale, at Birmingham, unappreciated. One does see the literary man. Perhaps there may be a slight trace of regret that Mr. May has not more truly appreciated the poetry.

It seems to this reviewer, however, that Mr. May's portrait is somewhat pale and formal, and that this is due to a failure on the biographer's part to appreciate the depth of that sadness which colored Newman's later life. That Newman was not appreciated by his fellow Roman Catholics Mr. May does indeed say; that this hurt the sensitive, brilliant convert, he also claims to understand, but he notices it and its effects all too little. Newman's own correspondence, particularly from 1860 to 1875, which is voluminously included in Ward's "Life," shows that the effect upon Newman of a misunderstanding somewhat scandalous was far greater than this present biography would indicate. Was Mr. May afraid to stress this important feature of his subject for fear of offending somebody? One hates to believe this. More probably it simply did not appeal to him. It certainly does not agree with his interpretation of Newman as always the serene creator of the beautiful. At any rate the omission is there. It is one thing to say gently that Manning did not appreciate the greater Cardinal and to hint that he was not altogether fair in speech or conduct; but it is another and more illuminating thing to note how the gentle Newman writhed at the stupidity, or worse, of those powerful antagonists who held the ecclesiastical whip-hand; to observe, for instance, how he wrote to Father Ambrose St. John of Manning, Vaughan, and Ward. "As to clamor and slander," he writes, "whoever opposes these three Tailors of Tooley Street, must incur a great deal, must suffer—but it is worth suffering if we can effectually oppose them." Newman's revealing diary Mr. May does not mention, nor its author's opinion of it, that it had had to be "more or less a complaint from one end to the other." Newman was long persecuted with the bitterest of persecutions, that of deliberate neglect, for which a Cardinal's hat given to him in his seventy-ninth year was belated and inadequate recompense. By that time Manning and Company

SIR WILLIAM JOHNSON
As England Pictured Him

had beaten him and all that he stood for in the Roman Communion. They could well afford to give him a hat; but they would have kept even it from him even then had it not been both that the laity were indignant and that Pio Nono was no more. In Mr. May's book the drama of all this has been unfortunately softened.

Nor has Newman been dealt with quite justly in regard to his attitude toward the decree of the Vatican Council about Papal Infallibility. Mr. May leaves with his reader an impression of a glad agreement once the Council had adjourned. The acquiescence was in fact accompanied by deep regret and was entirely tentative. Newman could not believe that the decree would stand very long unmodified. In one of his most significant letters, that which he wrote to Père Hyacinthe—who in protest had left the Roman Communion—he penned these words, on November 24, 1870, "Let us be patient; the turn of things may not take place in our time; but there will be surely, sooner or later, an energetic and stern Nemesis for imperious acts, such as now afflict us." And to Miss Bowles he wrote, "Exert a little faith. God will provide,—there is a power in the Church stronger than Popes, Councils, and theologians." He did submit, but with a confidence that the Vatican Council would appear before long to the Roman Catholic world to have been hysterical, and that later councils would so define and modify the decree as to make it fit what seemed to him good theology and the facts of history. Whether he was in any degree correct will perhaps be seen in the near future when the Vatican Council, after sixty years, at length reassembles. But surely it is not just to Newman to give the impression that for the sake of a Cardinal's hat he turned his back upon his convictions and became a good Papalist of the neo-Ultramontanist type. Nor is it fair to his opponents to conceal the cause of their opposition to him. It was not merely that they did not appreciate him. Cardinal Manning and Pope Pius IX too, for that matter, appreciated him very well indeed. They fought him not from pique but because they understood how powerfully he contended, in the name of what he believed to be the truth, against what were their inmost hearts' desires. Newman was something more than an artist and a saintly soul. He was a controversialist to be reckoned with.

On the whole, Mr. May's book is timely and worth while. It helps to rescue John Henry Newman from a neglect due to noisy, contemporary contempt for worth of life and thinking and honest writing. It may do him that highest service which a biography can render to a literary man. It may lead a few of us to take down Newman's books, dust them off, and read.

A Redoubtable Colonial

JOHNSON OF THE MOHAWKS. By Arthur Pound. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1930. $5.

Reviewed by Allan Nevins

IS it true that Sir William Johnson has been unduly neglected by posterity, as the authors of this excellent biography repeatedly say? He has no extensive popular renown, but then how many of the figures who belong exclusively to our colonial history do have it? Yet posterity has treated him fairly well. The redoubtable Anglo-Irish baronet has now been the subject of four important biographies, beginning with W. L. Stone's widely-read work of 1865; and several additional lives are now in preparation. His complete writings have been published in a series of bulky volumes by the State of New York. About his career Harold Frederic constructed one of the best of his novels, "In the Valley." Two statues have been raised to his memory, and his house has been preserved by the State as a memorial. On the whole, he has fared well. He was not a great man, but was simply one of the most useful men of his time and region, and he has had his reward.

This volume represents a union of Mr. Pound's literary skill with Dr. Day's exhaustive knowledge of the Johnson materials, a knowledge built up through nearly thirty years of labor, for Dr. Day began calendaring the Johnson manuscripts in 1902, and published his invaluable digest-list of them in 1909, two years before the disastrous fire in the State Capitol. Sir William Johnson is a many-sided figure, on whom a lifetime of research might easily be spent. He was Indian trader, land speculator, diplomatist, military commander, a promoter of manufactures, a great stock-breeder and slave-owner, and one of the principal figures in the opening of the West; it would be impossible to name anyone save Franklin who, in the quarter-century before the Revolution, touched American life more variously or vigorously. The twenty-five years during which he was most active have not yet had their due attention from historians, and we still lack a thorough study of the French and Indian War, its causes and its results. The special knowledge which Dr. Day has put into this life of Johnson throws much valuable light upon the late colonial period.

* * *

But in spite of Sir William's versatility, his really important role—as this volume, like those of Stone and Buell, amply shows—was simple and can be easily appraised. During the critical years in which it was decided that Great Britain and not France should be the mistress of North America, Johnson was the principal spokesman of the northern colonists in their dealings with the Indians. In particular, his influence with the Iroquois was of paramount importance in the Franco-British struggle. He it was who in King George's War, though a comparative newcomer in America, did most to induce the Six Nations to take active measures against the French. Ten years later, in 1756, he was made sole agent and superintendent for all the Indians north of the Carolinas and the Ohio, and he capably exercised this office until his death. During the French and Indian War he was the unresting, experienced, and resourceful leader who made sure of the loyalty of the various tribes, armed and marshalled them, and frequently led them into battle. At the Intercolonial Conference at Albany in 1754, when Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia exclaimed that the war was "at my back door already," and the frightened colonists decided to send agents to England to ask for 12,000 regulars to beat back the French, the Iroquois agreed to furnish a thousand picked warriors for general service if only Johnson would command them. These Indians under Hendrick helped materially to win the day when Johnson in 1755

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

routed the forces of Dieskau, the protegé of Marshal Saxe, at the battle of Lake George. Later Johnson brought a large Indian force into effective service at the seige of Fort Niagara, where the death of Prideaux left him in chief command; and later still he joined with an Indian contingent in Sir Jeffrey Amherst's successful expedition against Montreal. Robust yet tactful, vigorous yet careful, Johnson was emphatically the right man in the right place.

Mr. Pound and Dr. Day tell his story with great minuteness, numerous excursions into historical by-paths, and pauses for explanation, and if they sometimes make the trees so thick that it is hard to see the wood, they have given us the most detailed and accurate life yet written. The account of Johnson's operations in the French and Indian War is, of course, the heart of the book. At some points the authors anaylze the strategy of the war with real freshness, while they are at pains to describe at length the personalities and aims of the principal commanders. Quebec, they insist, was not the decisive battle which admirers of Wolfe have pictured it. At Quebec, in their opinion, Montcalm merely gave up a fight already lost, and "Wolfe collected, heroically and dramatically, a bill long past due on which were written Frontenac, Niagara, Louisbourg, Cape Finisterre." Amherst, according to this volume, was the real British hero of the conflict. A certain New York animus appears in the treatment of William Shirley of Massachusetts, whose quarrel with Johnson is not quite fairly presented. It is not easy to clear Johnson of blame for his failure, after his victory over Dieskau, to obey Shirley's urgings and push on to the capture of Crown Point. He rested on his laurels, waiting for the baronetcy and the reward of £5,000 which the British Government gave him, when a bold advance might have won a far greater success.

Most interesting of all is the treatment of Johnsons's personal life and traits, with which the authors deal at generous length and sometimes in a decidedly informal style. Some strokes in the portrait may be questioned. The emphasis upon Johnson's "Irish" qualities seems overdone, for he was Irish in little more than birth; his grandfather was English, and his father belonged to the English in Ireland, while he was a Protestant and a fair type of the British man of action. Somewhat overdone, also, is the gossippy treatment of Johnson's "unions" with Catherine Weissenburg, whom he married on her death bed, the Indian girl Caroline, whom he married not at all, and Molly Brant, who arrogated to herself the name of Lady Johnson. Such unions have been usual on the frontier in the whole course of our history, and there is no need to treat them in any but a matter-of-fact way. In dealing with Johnson's public life, the authors seem to underestimate the strong vein of egoism or selfishness which motivated a good deal of his conduct. But Mr. Pound and Dr. Day do succeed in putting vitality into their portrait of Sir William, one of the most masterful, decisive, and well-balanced men in our whole colonial history. He was a quick, hard, and formidable man. He played a vigorous part on a great stage, and had he lived a decade longer, through the years of the Revolution, he would perhaps have played a still greater role. He and Sir Jeffrey Amherst together, if Amherst could have been induced to serve, would have made much more powerful leaders of the British forces than Burgoyne and Howe. As it was, to the very end in 1774 his life was full of action and effort; he died just after making a speech of nearly two hours to six hundred Indians at Johnson Hall. He knew how to inspire the devotion of the red men. He was a great rock of safety to the immigrant English, Irish, Germans, and others settling in the Mohawk Valley. In his management of his baronial hall and estate on the edge of the wilderness, he was a memorably picturesque figure.

Mr. Pound and Dr. Day deserve many readers, and some of the readers should be led to take up Frederic's "In the Valley" as well. In subequent editions it is to be hoped the authors will make use of books by Clarence W. Alvord and George L. Beer which, bearing on the opening of the West and on British land policy, they have strangely neglected. They have not used all the extant material on Robert Rogers, nor the rich store of Amherst MSS which have recently become available in England. Subsequent writers may still add something to the life of Johnson. But with all its minor shortcomings, we have here a thorough and well documented study of an arresting figure.

War Is Hell

A BRASS HAT IN NO MAN'S LAND. By Brigadier General F. P. Crozier. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. 1930.

Reviewed by Emerson G. Taylor

FROM a record of his personal experiences in the great war not dissimilar to those of any seasoned and admirable leader of combat troops, General Crozier draws a moral so unexpected as to have the effect of shock. A "mercenary," as he describes himself, the son of a service family and a veteran of South Africa and Zululand, he was a Canadian captain and an officer of the Ulster forces during the troubled days in Ireland, before the unfolding events of 1914 offered his trained abilities the widest possible field for expression. As a battalion commander, he fought side by side with his hard-bitten Irish and Welshmen in many of the most spectacular engagements of the first years of the war; his speedy promotion to brigadier general did not serve to keep him out of front-line work for the remainder of "the duration." He writes from full, varied, and intimate knowledge of war's conditions as they existed on the battlefield of the Somme, in the Ypres salient, during the stupendous British disaster of 1918, and in the final forward movement toward Allied victory.

At a trainer and leader of fighting troops, General Crozier conceived his duty to consist in first bringing his battalion or brigade to the highest pitch of efficiency, and later, in action, in accomplishing its task by straightforward killing. Himself a warrior, he incessantly taught his officers and men to be warriors. Accepting war as hell, he stormed its hottest side. He had no interest or mercy for the shirker, the temperamental neurotic, the conscientious objector, the seeker of safe billets. He trained his soldiers to be ruthless, bloodthirsty, tireless, cool, and cruel—because he knew perfectly well that, to succeed in battle, only fighting men are of any use. From his own thought and conduct, he tells us, he ruled out any sentiment save what might help him in his job of inspiring and directing these terrible troops in action. Hardly an incident is set down in his crowded, colorful pages of reminiscence but serves to illustrate the dogged pursuit of his supreme purpose—which was to insure his command every possible chance of winning the fight through self-discipline, disregard of danger and death, tenacity, and loyalty. The fear which saps strength must be overcome by pride and devotion to duty. Exhaustion must give place to one more effort. The battalion reduced to a skeleton must believe itself in far better shape than the enemy opposite. And after the battle? Let the warrior enjoy himself as best he may. Let him love, and drink; let him eat and sleep late. If he falls into excesses, he is to be excused—and, at any rate, nothing much can be done about it, for the warrior returned from battle is a very primitive creature, for whom the rules of polite society are, for him, so much piffle. His safeguards must be furnished by the military police and the prophylactic services.

* * *

Paragraphs and pages to this effect does General Crozier give us, illustrating his points with a multitude of pungent, dolorous, and moving anecdotes. And then, quite without warning, he assures us on his honor as a soldier, of his profound conviction that the warrior is merely a fine young man forever and utterly wasted, and that war is naught but a bloody anachronism. He goes even further. The same leader who recounts with just and glowing pride his men's courageous achievements and stern devotion in desperate actions, relates with equal fervor the circumstances which led to his conversion to the belief that soldiers must be made unnecessary. He rehearses his creed as a successful leader of combat troops, he recounts with relish the methods he employed to instil within himself the thoughts and beliefs of the warrior, only to assert quite blandly that Crozier the doughty was merely posing successfully, that the heart of Crozier the model British soldier was not in his work at all!

Small wonder that this book has created a sensation in England. It depicts the sordid and distressing behavior of undisciplined young British officers; it rakes the system and traditions which unnerved and demoralized weak lads not fit for service with the colors. As many pages are devoted to cowards, deserters, profiteers, whores, pretenders, fools, and crazy men, as are dedicated to the gallant fellows Crozier led at Thiepval or in Bourlon Wood. With equal relish, the general sets down names, dates, and places, whether writing of poltroon or hero. His book is as frank as a secret diary. But the feature of the book which chiefly arrests the readers attention is the author's truly extraordinary picture of himself. First to offer his sword at the outbreak of the war, keen for action, a model leader in combat, trusted to the limit by his followers, rewarded in dazzling fashion by his superiors, earning the testimony (one would think) of a good conscience, General Crozier undertakes the herculean task of making us believe that his splendid work in his country's cause was naught but a kind of lip-service after all. He writes of Crozier the soldier, at moments, as if that gallant and faithful officer were a figure out of a deeply regretted past. It is very confusing. Or is it that all the writers on war feel committed to the duty of parroting that war is altogether evil?

Race Drama

GULF STREAM. By Marie Stanley. New York: Coward-McCann. 1930. $1.50.

Reviewed by Charles McD. Puckette

THE theme which underlies this story of the South is a poignant and a bitter one. It deals with the personal struggle of the mulattos of so light a skin that they might pass for white, who inherit, legitimately enough from their illegitimate birth, from the father's race a sensitiveness and restlessness alien to the black. That there should be such children is tragic enough; that they must live their lives in the shadow of the racial problem of the South is another tragedy hard to survive. The pretty, fair-skinned girl of negro birth is a shining mark for the dark passions of the white man.

In this well-conceived and moving novel of Marie Stanley the theme appears in many facets in swift succession. With one exception the negroes who appear in Gulf Stream are women; it is a woman's story. Adele, the child of a white father, has been brought up in the cabins of Sand Town by Aunt Delly, who, black, hard working, has jealously sought for her ward better things than she has known, and has yet faced uncompromisingly the fact that the girl is a negro. Spoiled, shallow, "uppity" as a girl, Adele shrinks from the love of Jed who had the physical characteristics of the black people. The white youth Archie Fenleigh, has only obviously to be struck with her beauty, to speak to her, and she falls before his seduction.

Adele has often been warned by Delly of octoroons who married into the white race and yet became the mothers of black, kinky-haired children. At the difficult birth of her fatherless baby, in frantic terror, she refuses to look at the infant girl. The doctor takes the mother away to be companion to an amazing character, Bezelia, a dying woman also of mixed blood and checkered career, a member of the colony of Mille Fleur Island, peopled by French octoroons.

The author is somewhat unconvincing in translating the shallow girl Adele of Sand Town's cabins into the mature woman who presides over the old home on Mille Fleur. She is not so in depicting Adele, the mother who finally takes her child (also light of skin, and not black as she had feared in her agony), and labors to bring her up in the desperate hope that in France, or South America, the girl can conceal that she is a negro, perhaps wring what happiness she can out of an irregular union with a lover.

The three generations of the women in Miss Stanley's story may be said to symbolize the time element in the problem which she illuminates. Delly, honest, simple, unquestioning; Adele, ashamed of her black mother's heritage, seeking an escape; and Delia, who defies her mother and gladly discovers her happiness in service to the people of her race

The Saturday Review of Literature

Henry Seidel Canby.....*Editor*
Amy Loveman.....*Managing Editor*
William Rose Benét.....*Contributing Editor*
Christopher Morley.....*Contributing Editor*
Noble A. Cathcart.....*Publisher*

Published weekly, by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., Henry S. Canby, President; Roy E. Larsen, Vice President; Noble A. Cathcart, Secretary-Treasurer, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Subscription rates per year, postpaid: in the U. S. and Mexico, $3.50; in Canada, $4; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere, $4.50. All business communications should be addressed to 25 West 45th Street, New York. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 1, 1879. Vol. 7. No. 6.

The Saturday Review is indexed in the "Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature."

Copyright, 1930, by The Saturday Review Co., Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as the wife of a young negro teacher—these represent three acts in the slowly but surely moving race drama. Miss Stanley writes with power, economy, and delicacy. The closing chapter is as rich in drama as her novel is in color. "Gulf Stream" is a first novel of some distinction, and one may reasonably expect from the author other stories of a locale in which material, as vegetation does, grows in tropic luxuriance.

Outstanding Rabbits

FIFTEEN RABBITS. By FELIX SALTEN. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1930. $1.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

"IF you would keep men from becoming as animals, strive ever to see animals as men," is the suggestive little forenote to the "Fifteen Rabbits" of Felix Salten, and while so kindly a plea for understanding comes most appropriately from the creator of Bambi and Hops, the fact remains that his distinctive achievement lies not in picturing deer and rabbits as men on four legs but in giving some essential wild quality to his animals that marks them off sharply from the domesticated human race. There is relaxation and refreshment in putting aside humanness for a time and meeting the moment with only the moment, memory too slight to be of much use, and foresight and calculation almost unknown; that is what one feels in reading the Salten animal stories. Fear and desire may be the driving power behind both man and beast but they drive along very different ways if not to different ends. In "Fifteen Rabbits" the reader is vaguely conscious all the time of the menace of danger from above; the sky presses down on one, all sounds are over one and threaten to crush, there is a new element in this fear that one can never hope to meet the enemy eye to eye but must always, standing ground or in flight, look up to know the worst.

Rabbits have come to be thought of as a narrow-minded tribe with the single, fanatical interest of keeping up their birth rate, and that by none too strictly monogamous means. Mr. Salten shows them to be a busy people interested in both this and that and, far from indulging in the loose habits imputed to them in song and anecdote, rather unusually chaste in their private lives. As to the numerical accuracy of the title no reader who does not resort to such underhanded methods as the use of pencil and paper is ever likely to be able to say. Certainly no particular fifteen rabbits are distinguished from the others. There are any number of the pleasant creatures scampering furrily in and out of the background and there are five Outstanding Rabbits.

The First Outstanding Rabbit is Hops. (Whose name shows his mother to have been a literal-minded creature or exhausted through child-naming.) Hops was "no bigger than a lump of earth from the forest loam. He looked like a ball of wool, but he seemed almost as soft as the softest down, almost as light as down." Nevertheless he was a serious young rabbit, made so perhaps by the sudden and never explained disappearance of all his little brothers and sisters, and when the other rabbits romped about in the happy frenzy of childhood, resembling "little wisps of clouds still bearing the light of sky in them," Hops remained cautious however tempted he was to dash into excitement and danger. A melancholy fellow by nature and inclined to meditating on the darker side of life, he is saved from being a true Russian hero, old style, only by the intriguing Plana.

The Second Outstanding Rabbitt is Plana. There is no resisting Plana; the boy rabbits liked her and the girl rabbits liked her, and even the bitter old Iago, the dog who tried to return to the wild but had not the luck of Jack London's protagonist, takes her into his heart and kennel in the face of all the laws of the clans. "Plana was lively and wanton, though without the least self-consciousness . . . when they all bounded into the air, transported by their own involuntary somersaults, and first really began to run as though bewitched, Plana was the maddest among them."

The Third Outstanding Rabbit is the tragic little Epi. No one but Felix Salten can tell the horror that is the well-intentioned capture of Epi with its ironic summing up, "rabbits grow trusting at once."

The Fourth Outstanding Rabbit is the colossal bore and egotist, Trumer, who makes the mistake of putting his one idea into constant expression.

The Fifth Outstanding Rabbit is the veteran of them all, old Fosco who knows all that a rabbit can know but never gives more than doubt-provoking hints as to what that may be.

Of course our outstanding rabbits may not be yours; there are others to choose from. Does anyone remember Black Beauty and Beautiful Joe, the sanctimonious heroes of another day, who were scarcely to be distinguished from people in the books save by their number of legs? Felix Salten's rabbits are not furry men, and human beings are only one of their many hazards in living. They do not, alas, live upon heights where every prospect pleases and *only* man is vile.

Ohio River*

By MARK VAN DOREN

SO when they all were there, Gentry began
Half talking to himself; yet half to them:

(The sun was soon to set upon the full, unconscious river;
It came along the water now, wide and ripple-red.
The long, low shore lines sagged with the silence;
Not a bird sounded, settling into bed;
Not a wave went there, so steadily they drifted
Down the middle water, cool and straight ahead.
A dozen people standing, small in the twilight.
This the final river? These the waiting dead?)

"Sleep-walkers,
River-mates,
Ohio-blinded, groping two by two
Forever and ever onward, westward, penned in a careful ark;
Mountain-swarmers,
Valley-finders,
Drift-logs and meadow-men with pollen in your eyes;
We are the shades of an old race;
These are the final ferries down the dark stream
That may flow into morning; and may only
Deeper and deeper drop into the night.
Creatures crated together
And floating out of an old time;
Remnants,
Dream-passengers,
We go perhaps unto the death of deaths.
You—and you—and you—have spoken easily
Of a new life, a clear day
Dawning this side the mountains, a flowered field
Waiting for men to walk it and be dusted
Angel-wise with powder of pure gold.
But you I tell—and you—that time is old;
Time withers even now upon its stalk,
Waiting with us the planted end,
Leaning to watch us die. And we shall die,
Raft-riders,
Ark-fugitives,
Unless we fall like rain upon the dry
Wide harvest of burnt death that spreads and spreads,
Licking the borders of this valley now.
Chosen people,
Noah's men,
What use to bring the old world on our backs,
What beauty in baggage here?
When the dove flew,
And the rainbow rested high on the steaming hills,
What gain from an Ark that opened and let forth
Stale fools,
Fortunate knaves—
Creatures the same as ever creatures were?
When the crow flies,
And the shores draw near to receive us, lords of the land,
What good if we step not forth new men,
New minds in the cool of a day untouched of time?
The American meadows wait,
But not for us if we come there
Unchanged, unbright, and unanointed.
They were not made, I hear them cry,
To be another width of waste—the weary edge of a tramped range
Already weary and too wide.
And so they wait for us to choose,
And multiply, and plant the choice
Within a million minds to come, and some day reap—
Some day reap death?
Who now says death?
Who now has the worm in his heart, who dares
Step forth and carry contagion?
Who knows?
I knew my grief, then stumbling here
Knew my great hope; and have it still.
Who now has more?
Who now sees harvests ahead of men not hollow, not stuffed white husks, not snake-skins left on a rock, not moth-shells, fragile as amber, found on trees?
Who knows, and says to go on?
Who feels? Who sees?"

No answer; but the sun upon the full, unconscious river
Spread a sudden purple; then the empty west.
The people move away now as dumbly toward the cabin
As sheep before a shepherd, driven into rest.

Not a whisper told him, tall by the low bow,
What his mind desired; nor could he hope to hear.
All he had was silence, slipping up the river,
All he had was night, lapping from the rear.

All the silent night had, and the endless river,
Was something small and dark there that floated like a leaf;
And others coming after it; but not a sign to say now
Whither they were drifting, or whether into grief.

Not a whisper told the sky whether green or brown,
Whether these were spring-drift or offal of the fall.
Only up from one of them, hidden down the dark stream,
Rose a tiny wailing, drowsy over all.

It rose upon the soft tide of stillness flowing by,
Came a little way along, and then as quickly ceased.
This is what it said against the night above the river;
This is what it sang before it died beneath the east:

Over the mountains, boys,
Come long lonesome way.
Morrow morning, boys,
Be a different day.
Go sleep now
And shut your eyes;
Let whatever
Got to rise.

Over the mountains, boys,
Don't know where to go.
Morrow morning, boys,
Some us bound to know.
Go sleep now
And shut your eyes;
Let whatever
Got to rise.

Over the mountains, boys,
Can't see far ahead.
Morrow morning, boys,
Maybe dark and dead.
Go sleep now
And shut your eyes;
Let whatever
Got to rise.

Over the mountains, boys,
End old river road.
Morrow morning, boys,
Lift a different load.
Go sleep now
And shut your eyes;
Let whatever
Got to rise.

* This is to be part of what will be a long narrative poem when completed.

Sir William Watson, poet, quietly celebrated his seventy-second birthday recently, says the London *Observer*. He was recovering from a bad attack of influenza and was too ill to receive visitors. "I am afraid my husband is hardly well enough to see you," said Lady Watson to a reporter.

"He is the oldest English poet," she said, "but unfortunately he has had to face the truth. His work does not appeal to the public. That is because he is essentially an artist. The rest put business first and are content to write what the public want. But my husband would never sacrifice his art for mere financial gain. He is contemplating the publication of a volume of selected works. His last publication came out in 1928, but it has not brought in more than £10," declared Lady Watson. Sir William still works in his garden or in his quaint window-seat, overlooking the Channel.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

Boccaccio and His Work

THE LIFE OF GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO. By THOMAS CALDECOT CHUBB. New York: Albert & Charles Boni. 1930. $4.

THE DECAMERON OF GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO. Translated by Frances Winwar. New York: The Limited Editions Club. 1930. 2 vols. $10.

THE DECAMERON OF GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO. Translated by Richard Aldington. Illustrations by Jean de Bosschère. New York: Covici, Friede. 1930. 2 vols. $15.

Reviewed by THOMAS G. BERGIN
Yale University

IT is Mr. Chubb's avowed intention to present Giovanni Boccaccio sympathetically to a modern and specifically American public. He makes no claims to add any new facts to the few we already have on the life of the Florentine storyteller; he pretends to no very profound scholarship; he does not claim to be an authority. If I correctly interpret the author's preface he hopes only to make more real and living for modern New York and Chicago a character whom, though for six hundred years buried in literary histories, he yet feels to have much in common with the modern world.

It is a legitimate and laudable ambition. For a figure of the size and, one might say, durability of Boccaccio, periodic reinterpretation is needed. Immortal he is and each age—nay, each generation will find in him something peculiar to itself and will consequently find the estimate of a previous age needs revaluation. Biographies of this sort should be encouraged and we should ask of them only that they be well written and make the character live for us.

Mr. Chubb's book is a fairly complete summary of all that is known about Boccaccio or his works. He deserves much credit for the way he has managed by turning now to the works, now to the few data on Boccaccio's life, to give the appearance of continuity to what is at best a rather uncertain thread. Also there are certain episodes which stand out very well and which the reader will remember for some time. I am thinking particularly of the seduction of Fiammetta (for which, to be sure, Mr. Chubb does not deserve all the credit) and of the chapters devoted to the friendship of Boccaccio and Petrarch. The various works are considered in some detail, not sufficient usually to mar the continuity of the book. I should have been pleased to find a somewhat more orderly if not any longer presentation of the "Decameron," but the author apparently wants to give the impression of a potpourri of medieval life and if that was his purpose he succeeds very well.

On the whole, Mr. Chubb has, I think, planned his book excellently and treated his character sympathetically and well, especially in view of the paucity of materials. The book has however, one surprising defect. The style is irregular and ragged and the work on the whole is not easy to read. It may be that the passage from translation to original writing destroys the author's poise; it may be that for the sake of some effect which, perhaps, others may appreciate better than I did, he has chosen to distort his style. At any rate he abuses the short sentence; such tortured passages as he writes may be justified occasionally, but when they are characteristic of the style of a fairly long book they become wearing.

All in all, however, the book is well worth reading. If Boccaccio does not emerge from the pages with all the vividness of a modern business man it is hardly the fault of his biographer. If his prose is hard going he has a nice skill in picking dramatic moments. For the man who knows nothing or little about the author of the "Decameron," Mr. Chubb's life will provide all the known facts, well arranged, dramatically emphasized, and sympathetically commentated.

Mr. Chubb concludes his book with the statement that since Boccaccio's death no age has forgotten him—no generation has ignored him. As if in opportune commentary there have recently appeared two very fine translations of the "Decameron," "The Decameron of Giovanni Boccaccio," translated by Frances Winwar, and the "Decameron," translated by Richard Aldington and illustrated by Jean de Bosschère. It is an immortal book and will outlive the censors. It is not always easy to defend the "Decameron" from a moral point of view: one can say that it is not deliberately subversive, one can point out that some of the stories actually point a moral, one can draw attention to the tenth day and argue that much good can be derived from the stories there recounted. But these are all difficult points to prove: furthermore they are useless. For Boccaccio was quite evidently not concerned with morals at all. His stories were told for the purely artistic reason of diversion and it is difficult to find any collection of tales with similar artistic sincerity. He had absolutely no ulterior motive, no personal grudges, no patron to please, no reforms to foster. It is this very freedom which gives the book its vitality, for being, as it were, merely a human record devoid of personal, national, or moral issues, it has no element which is out of harmony with any age. It does not "date." And we, just as surely as fourteenth century Florence, have a right to enjoy it.

The Principles of Astrology

ASTROLOGY: Your Place among the Stars. By EVANGELINE ADAMS. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1930. $5.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

THIS third volume in the exposition of the principles of astrology, by its leading modern practitioner, starts with a bold defiance of any skeptics who still doubt the value of this ancient science. "The latest findings of science prove conclusively that life is vibration and that man is under the influence of the whole universe. We know that the difference between light, color, and sound is a matter of vibration; in like manner the difference between Saturn, which represents the centripetal vibration, and Mars, the centrifugal, is a matter of vibration." If there is a non sequitur here, it is one for which the physicist-philosophers have opened the way. They may take some comfort in reflecting that whereas the proponents of strange doctrine of old used to argue that it was supported by the Holy Scriptures, now they argue that it is supported by modern science. Unfortunately certain branches of modern science seem to suffer as much as the Scriptures from a confusion between mystical rhapsody and hard fact; it seems to be about as easy to prove anything by Eddington as by Esaias.

Whether you take any stock in astrology or not, however, you are likely to be entertained by running through this detailed study of the influence of the various planets on human beings born at various times, in order to see what fate the stars predict for you. Again and again Miss Adams remarks on the complexity of elements entering into any individual's horoscope, and the consequent opportunity for error if every one is not taken into consideration. To cite a simple instance, H. L. Mencken, Prince Albert the Good, Bob Benchley, and William H. Taft were all born under the same sign, as were Oscar Wilde and Edward Bok. Something else (to the astrologer, the moon and the planets) must have caused the considerable differences between these worthies.

But it seems that the stars are no stern and unalterable tyrants; they point out what is likely to happen, but human free will may in some cases save the situation. This reviewer, for example, gathered that the stars do not promise him much of a break before December 1932; but some of the threatened evils may be averted by drinking copiously between meals. (Unfortunately the drink prescribed is water.)

One hundred horoscopes of famous persons are appended, but can be read only by those acquainted with the symbols of the science. Anyone, however, can run through the lists of dates at which the planets will be working, benignly or malignly, on persons born under various signs. Thus you can pick out the season when you may advisably enter a business partnership or hunt a husband, and be warned betimes against the months when you had better curb your passions and take bicarbonate of soda.

The Papal Monarchy

THE DECLINE OF THE MEDIEVAL CHURCH. By ALEXANDER CLARENCE FLICK. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1930. 2 vols. $12.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES FRANCIS RONAYNE

THE scope of this monumental work is a historical analysis of the progressive decline of the Papal monarchy of the thirteenth century. "The Papacy with the finest organization since the days of Rome, defended by the keenest intellects of the Middle Ages, in possession of a powerful army obedient to every demand, with frightened princes ready to draw the sword against all enemies, internal or external, and with the credulous and intensely religious masses accepting its claims and prerogatives, was unquestionably the dominant power in European civilization in the thirteenth century." The author of these volumes seeks in the two succeeding centuries the dynamic elements that were later to evolve as forces of disruption and decay.

It is an attractive period for the historian: the last phase of the titanic duel between Church and State, containing the historical beginnings of the rejection of the Hildebrandine dream of a universal Papal empire. It was the period of the Avignon residence and of the Great Schism, the period of Wiclif in England and of Huss in Bohemia, the period of new thought-forces like Roger Bacon, William of Occam, Marsiglio of Padua, and of many other such designers of a new vehicle for a philosophy of human life. The adolescent nations were challenging the Papacy's political power. Even within the Church itself popes and councils were fighting each other for supremacy. It was a time when men everywhere were having new thoughts. A new science of observation was being brought to birth. A new humanism was abroad. On the one hand, a novel method of inquiry was opening the physical world to the eyes of men; and, on the other hand, the Renaissance was revealing a new mode of human living. Of these two novelties Dr. Flick remarks that the one pointed the way towards materialism while the other led to a paganization of all the ways of life. He indicts the medieval Church because it failed to seize the opportunity to harmonize both these critical discoveries so that they could be utilized for the happiness of man and the glory of God.

❧ ❧

As a primary cause of disruption he names the financial capacity of most of the Popes of the period. Here he covers little ground that is new. But he strikes a new note in his view of the evolutionary value of the Papal system of finance. "When there was no such thing as systematic bookkeeping in any secular state in Europe and absolutely no such thing as a public budget showing receipts and expenditures, the Papacy had a thorough modern and sharp official control of all finances." The large sums of money collected by the Papal tax-gatherers in lands distant from the Papal court were difficult to transport; hence arose an arrangement for the exchange of credits and in course of time there came into existence banking corporations which took over this part of the Papal finances. Thus he finds that much of our modern financial system had its birth at Avignon, and he attributes the rise of the capitalist class to the Church's encouragement.

His treatment of the Schism is masterly, both in wealth of detail and in broadness of outlook. Such contributory matters as the fall of feudalism, the peasants' emancipation, the growth of national entities, the new economic and industrial perspective are adequately presented. He finds simony and pluralism to be the outstanding vices of the period, and there is ample historical warrant for his verdict. When he studies the moral life of the clergy he is not so convincing. He builds up a terrifying picture of the gross immorality of the medieval priesthood. His *saeva indignatio* becomes a little wearisome to the reader, especially as he apparently has made no great effort to examine the credibility of the testimony adduced. He fails to see the import of the persistence of priestly concubinage. In the early Christian centuries the marriage of priests was officially recognized, and from the time of Siricius (385) it was at least connived at until Hildebrand's day (1074). From that time till the Council of Trent the records teem with complaints of the crime of concubinage. Taking account of the continual resistance to the Church's decrees and also of the parallel frequency and stringency of ecclesiastical legislation, the analytic historian of the period is forced to consider the social phenomenon of priestly concubinage, not as a sporadic lapse from upright morals occurring here and there or now and again, but rather as a definite and persistent class-reaction against what was conceived to be the tyranny of positive law. For five centuries of bitter struggle the full vigor of Hildebrand's legislation on this matter was impaired by the absence of the consent of the governed. It seems therefore unscientific to class the priestly concubinage of the period with the grosser forms of moral lapse.

The author is to be congratulated on an amazing array of relevant facts. Some few of his pages are discolored by an undesirable and unnecessary anti-Roman bias. The proof-reading is faulty, especially in the case of the Latin quotations; but the index is fairly complete, the bibliography is adequate, and the documentation is excellent. All in all, it is a very scholarly work, well worthy of a place on the shelves of every student of the days when our modern civilization was being born.

A Prophet of Modern Italy

MAZZINI'S LETTERS. Translated from the Italian by ALICE DE ROSEN JERVIS. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1930. $3.

Reviewed by J. W. ESHELMAN

IF personality, hard work, nobility of character, and self-sacrifice ever received their just rewards Giuseppe Mazzini could have qualified for the noblest hall of fame. A man who could work day and night, write prodigously in several languages with remarkable literary skill, live the life of an exile, sanctify *Giovane Italia*, love his people and his home, and keep the sparks of life and genius alive on a diet of black coffee, has more than earned his reputation for being "Prophet of the Risorgimento"—for being the man who, as much as any other, was responsible for the modern resurrection of the Italian people.

The eighty-two letters in this book (selected from the complete collection of Zanotti-Bianco) are interesting and excellently translated. They contain Mazzini's views on almost every aspect of nineteenth century life, politics, art, literature, religion; they serve as a useful supplement to Bolton King's standard "Life of Mazzini" as well as to his equally standard "History of Italian Unity." In "Mazzini's Letters" will be found a deep background for many issues of present world conditions.

❧ ❧

Although Mazzini's name bulked largely some seventy-five years ago, it is today only a shadow of its former self. "This happy breed of men, this little world" seeks its new gods and seems easily convinced that bigger and better men are as desirable as fresher faiths. In Mazzini's day liberalism, nationalism, and humanitarianism were the new gods. Mazzini, being as modern as the next person, stressed humanity as a principle. He had already learned that liberty could not exist without equality and that humanitarianism might point the way toward some more dispassionate opportunity for equality. He was one of the most pious of men, but piety was losing its appeal for lack of some utility. The criss-cross of nineteenth century "isms" turned the struggle of conflicting ideologies to newer doctrines. Mazzini balanced nationality against liberty, equality and fraternity, but the more modern demagogues advanced to nationalism and his means for maintaining nationality became outmoded. So say the moderns.

Before dismissing him too readily, however, read the letters to his mother, to Luigi Amedeo Melegari, to "*Plon-Plon*," to "a German"; and read the commentary of Mr. King. This moderately priced book is more interesting and authentic than most biographies.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

The Poetry of Hérédia

THE TROPHIES WITH OTHER SONNETS. By José-Maria de Hérédia. Translated by John Myers O'Hara and John Hervey. New York: The John Day Company. 1929. $3.50.

Reviewed by Sidney L. Lavengood

In their translation of the poems of Hérédia, Mr. O'Hara and Mr. Hervey make a notable contribution to a field in which success is elusive, offering a work distinguished by its clear insight into the essence of Hérédia's art and by its accurate and sympathetic rendering of this art in a foreign language. For the first time there is now available in English a complete version of Hérédia's slender body of lyrics, the cycle of one hundred and eighteen sonnets, "in conception so beautiful and in execution so faultless that in the entire range of poetry they defy comparison," the four narrative poems of "The Trophies," and the few remaining sonnets not included in the collection.

In their introduction the translators term their effort one of "transubstantiation" rather than of translation, and it is this difficult task which they have completed with true inspiration, through labor as patient and as intelligently guided as that of Hérédia in the original creation of the lyrics. One example will show the achievement of their aim, "The Conquistadores":

As from their native eyries hawks take wing,
Spurred by the miseries they proudly share,
Bravos and chiefs from Palos de Moguer
Sail drunk with dreams that brutal conquest bring.
They seek the treasure fabulous to wring
From the far mines Cipango's mountains bear,
The trade winds fill their sails and waft them where
Mysterious western shores lie beckoning.
Each evening for an epic dawn they yearn,
The phosphorescent seas that round them burn
Enchant their restless sleep with phantom gold;
And as from white-winged caravels they lean,
In unknown skies their wondering eyes behold
Strange stars ascend from Ocean's depths unseen.

No single sonnet is more expressive of Hérédia's magic gift of picturing, within the restricted bounds of this form, with absolute sobriety of medium, all the epic grandeur of such great material and spiritual movements as the Spanish conquest of the Americas. The translators' art is equally apparent in this one example, in which the plastic, visual effect and the spiritual fire beneath are with sensitive accuracy brought over into a new tongue.

The introduction, a biographical and critical study, is an illuminating guide to the understanding of Hérédia and of his position in French literature. He is more than the culmination of the Parnassian movement. In his presentation of the world's great civilizations—the fine delicacy of Greek life and art, the proud strength and the majesty of Imperial Rome, the spirit of the Gothic Middle Ages, the exuberant enthusiasm of the Renaissance, the rich, exotic tones of the Orient—he sketches with significant and lasting strokes an almost universal field. Moreover, although he is not one of the group of French writers, such as Rabelais, Montaigne, or Molière, who while being representative of certain permanent qualities of French civilization as reflected in its literature are also international figures, a part of world literature, Hérédia does possess qualities essentially and enduringly French. The introduction repeatedly emphasizes elements in his work which may be considered traditional characteristics and ideals peculiar to French art through a thousand years of unbroken life: a high, disinterested striving for the full clarity of artistic perfection, a constant detached attitude of self-criticism, the realization that powerful effects may be admirably attained through careful discipline and sobriety of expression, tireless workmanship, and robust vigor blended with delicate beauty. His two interpreters are therefore rendering a valuable service to French civilization in presenting their translation to an English-speaking public. The volume should bring to readers unacquainted with Hérédia's verse a vision of a new world of poetry and to those more familiar with him a fuller sense of the unique beauty of his creation.

God Goes A-Projeckin'

BLACK GENESIS. By Samuel Gaillard Stoney and Gertrude Mathews Shelby. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1930. $5.

Reviewed by Newbell Niles Puckett
Author of "Folk Beliefs of the Southern Negro"

However man may rationalize about the matter, his spiritual hereafter frequently reveals interesting parallels of his material here-and-now. A pastoral-minded people think easily in the imagery of lambs and green pastures; the Eskimo in terms of seals and ice floes. Church advertising, ecclesiastical office hours, departments, and agencies have big-businessed American religious life until the intimate personal contacts of earlier days seem in some danger of being "organized" out. Perhaps this is one reason why sophisticated city folk are turning with much avidity in drama and in story to the anthropomorphic spiritual concepts of the more isolated rural Negro, where God is sometimes human to the extent of wearing real pants which require occasional mendings by the indefatigable "Mrs. God," and where Christ, likewise married, is not above plowing in a celestial cotton patch, or enjoying an occasional snack of plain old turnip-greens and cornbread.

To the Gullah Negro of the Carolina Low Country the Biblical account of the creation is brought into line not with the "higher criticism," but with the simple exigencies of plantation life. "In the beginnin' God been jus' a-projeckin' roun' in de element. Ain't been no Eart' nor no Hebben. So, for please heself, he start for mek 'em." Heaven and Earth, plants and animals, were soon produced. Of all the animals, the dog usually ranks among the lowest in African folklore, but he fits well into the plantation scheme of things and is more respected by the American Negro. Savants may wrangle with the intricacies of natural selection but the Negro assumes the inheritance of acquired characters and explains simply that the alligator has a horny hide because he was once burned in a brush fire, and that Br' Rabbit developed his pop-eyes working so hard to hide from Br' Patridge. Other zoölogical peculiarities, such as Sis' Nanny-Goat's short tail, Br' Wasp's short patience, and Br' Frog's hump-back are explained with equal ease and ingenuity, and the doings of such early Biblical characters as Adam and Eve, Cain and Abel, are given a decidedly Low Country interpretation.

Although no attempt is made by the authors of "Black Genesis" to give a precise scientific rendering to the lore they present, "all of the stories have some foundation of tradition." Interest is consistently directed to the legends themselves rather than to some picturesque storyteller, such as Uncle Remus, placed too prominently in the foreground. There is only occasionally a suggestion of the slapstick caricature of Negro minstrel days, but in the adapting of the narratives to the tastes of the more decorous reader there is some loss of characteristic folk humor, since things heartily laughed at by the rural Negro will sometimes appear merely crude or only slightly humorous to more educated folk. Both of the authors know their subject thoroughly and most of the items recorded have the ring of authenticity even though there is a certain amount of the purely imaginative woven in. Some enterprising folklorist could render a real service by disentangling genuine folklore from the purely fictional in modern literature about the Negro or other racial groups, or, better still, by persuading the authors of such books to file with some central repository, such as the American Folk-Lore Society, an undistorted list of the valid folk beliefs collected in the preparation of each work.

In spite of such antiquarian objections the book is thoroughly alive with vigorous humor and quaint, penetrating observations and should serve to draw attention more definitely to these fascinating Low Country people. The gamey, almost unintelligible Gullah dialect, as recorded by the late A. E. Gonzales, is modified into a type less trying to the average reader but still retaining most of its distinctive flavor. In fact "Black Genesis" derives no small part of its charm from the effective rendition of this gradually disappearing dialect, so delightful in its combination of English speech of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries with occasional African expressions, and from the many fanciful illustrations by Martha Bensley Bruère.

A Synthetic Study

SPANISH ILLUMINATION. By J. Domínguez Bordona. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company (Paris: Pegasus Press.) 1929. 2 vols.

Reviewed by Chandler R. Post

An eminent scholar's publication of a synthetic work upon the entire field of his special studies is always an event, and it becomes an event of quite unusual importance when, as in the present instance, the field has been as little trodden by the esthetically interested public as that of Spanish illumination and when, as in the case of Domínguez Bordona, the scholar is the principal explorer in the territory as a whole. If a synthesis is to be of real value, it is harder to write than any number of analytic articles upon individual monuments, for in order to generalize soundly, the author must be as thoroughly familiar with each example as if he were composing a monograph upon it, he must condense his information by selecting the significant, and he must always have in mind the broader outlines of the subject, relating one object to another, extracting conclusions from his comparisons, and cudgelling his brains to formulate constant summaries. In the main, Domínguez Bordona has achieved this difficult ideal admirably (and the result would be even more impressive to English readers, if his translator had accommodated him better to our idiom).

His book is the first scientific treatment of the whole history of Spanish illumination from its possible birth as early as the Visigothic period to its virtual death at the end of the sixteenth century, and he is so completely conversant with all aspects of this development, with the specific examples, and with even the most recent apposite literature, that it is hard to catch him in an omission. I do not find, however, that he knows of the further evidence of Ferrer Bassa's activity as a miniaturist, the recent discovery of a letter of Peter IV at Barcelona to his wife at Valencia, dated April 26, 1342, and requesting a book of hours illumined by this Catalan master. I am sorry also to see him following Nella Aita in perceiving any Italian influence, however slight, in the early Gothic miniatures of the manuscripts of Alfonso the Wise, where the analogies to Italian painting, if they exist, are fortuitous and occasioned by the elements of French Gothic that had sifted into the Italian as well as the Iberian peninsula. He seems, indeed, somewhat better equipped when dealing with the periods of the Pre-Romanesque and Romanesque than when he comes to the Gothic Age and the Renaissance, partly, doubtless, as he points out, because the manuscripts of the later centuries have not yet been the objects of such careful general investigation. In dealing with the illuminations of the Trecento and Quattrocento, he is thoroughly in accord with enlightened modern scholarship in relating them to the evolution of more monumental painting, but it could scarcely be demanded that a specialist in one field, that of miniatures, should have kept quite fully abreast of the research in another field, that of the frescoes and panel pictures.

The students of the mural paintings and the retables—the reviewer among them—are themselves sadly ignorant of what was taking place in contemporary illumination, and can therefore easily pardon Domínguez for failing to note, for example, that the panel of the Madonna and angels in the Museum of Vich, of old ascribed to Verdera, has been conclusively claimed by Soler y March for Jaime Cabrera. For his purpose, he is adequately and quite surprisingly well informed in the recent trends of scholarship in the subject of Spanish monumental painting and in the facts that have been brought to light. His desire to connect such painting with his own specialty of illumination is only one aspect of his again thoroughly modern consideration of all the arts as interwoven manifestations of succeeding epochs of civilization, and it is by reason of this magnanimous view of esthetic studies that he prefaces his treatment of each period with a perspicacious, though tantalizingly short, account of the cultural background.

Another merit of the work is the clarity resulting from the intelligent division of the material into periods and regional schools. The artistic characteristics of the miniatures in each period and section of the peninsula are likewise nicely distinguished and lucidly epitomized. Particularly good passages of this sort are his discussions of the Beatus manuscripts both in the Mozarabic period and in the twelfth century. The traditional duty of the reviewer is to be captious, but the only modifications in these respects that I should wish would be a further exposition of the peculiar qualities of Catalan Romanesque art, a greater emphasis upon the change to the Gothic style in the second half of the thirteenth century, and the denomination of the pictorial manner of the first half of the fifteenth century, not as "French," but by the title that has properly belonged to it since the days of Courajod, "international."

The true scholar's temperament stands forth from every page of the book. No one could be less impulsive or more judicious in weighing evidence and others' opinions on disputed points and in refusing a categorical conclusion when it is not justified by the data. A prime example is his discussion of the possible Spanish and Visigothic origin of the celebrated Ashburnham Pentateuch. One phase of this scholarly discretion is his freedom from chauvinistic prejudices. In his caution he perhaps reacts too far to the opposite extreme, claiming for Spanish attainment in illumination less than its due and setting, for instance, the first extant appearance of the developed art of the miniaturist in the peninsula no earlier than the latter part of the ninth century.

The two volumes are published with the customary splendor, not to say pomp, of size, typography, and illustrations that we have been taught to expect from the Pegasus Press.

A Labor Leader

THAT MAN DEBS AND HIS LIFE WORK. By Floy R. Painter. Muncie, Ind.: The author. 1930. $2.19.

This is a footnoted biography of Debs. References to books, periodicals, and letters are printed at the bottom of nearly every page. This interests some of us because the other biographers of Debs have not had time for so elaborate a work. The bibliography closing the volume covers eleven pages. This list of books, pamphlets, and newspaper and magazine articles, is in itself a good contribution and has value for all interested in the Debs tradition.

Usually, those who have written about Debs have delivered more eulogy than facts. In this work the author has competently worked out the forecast in her preface: "An attempt has been made to make a scientific investigation but at the same time we have not lost sight of the great heart of the man." Those who have a little corner of Debs books in a library must put this one alongside.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Round about Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

OUR sojourn in New Hampshire is over, and we return to a desk chiefly displaying, in the way of poetry, Coward-McCann's "Songs of Today Series." These we shall examine next week. There are however, two more important books, the first being Dr. Charles Cestre's "An Introduction to Edwin Arlington Robinson," the second the first six cantos of Sacheverell Sitwell's "Doctor Donne and Gargantua." But what seems to have happened to us? We found ourselves nodding over both. Nor was this merely somnolence engendered by a sudden descent from the rarefied atmosphere sparkling in the shadow of Monadnock to the grime-laden airs of the Island of Manhattan—not so darn grime-laden at that; it's rather brisk in the city in the Fall, and this is very nearly Fall! No, it is that both books lack real style, what we conceive as style. We had been reading Hazlitt on Wordsworth, Byron, et al. ("If Al is there," as Louis Untermeyer says) and after Hazlitt there seems to be a somewhat juvenile ebullience in Dr. Cestre. And after several people we could name there seems, for the most part, to be a thumping monotony, in "Doctor Donne and Gargantua," about the free verse of Sacheverell Sitwell. Let us say a little more about these volumes.

Dr. Cestre's "Introduction" has just been published by the Macmillan Company ($1.75). The author is Professor of American Literature and Civilization in the University of Paris. He writes clearly and out of profound admiration for the poetry of Edwin Arlington Robinson. Yet, to do him justice, his book is by no means an unrelieved eulogy, though decidedly upon the appreciative side, and it is frankly meant as an introduction to the poetry for those who wish to learn from the ground up. What we object to is the manner of phrasing often used in the analysis. Let us take this as an example. In one of his less well-known sonnets Robinson ended with two lines the last one of which is one of his most impressive feats of characterization. The lines are:

And though a child, I knew it was the voice
Of one whose occupation was to die.

From which we turn the page and find Dr. Cestre rapturously commenting:

> Beauteous things here are touched to sacred splendor by the mysterious presence of Eternity. Eternity opens to love and death the gates of the infinite, or closes the avenues of life and thumps the heavy lid of the tomb over nothingness. Does death achieve the liberation of the spirit. etc., etc.

It goes on for a whole paragraph. And all this platitude is just what the poet would rather have been shot at sunrise than found saying. We might, actually, be reading a comment upon a poem of Edgar A. Guest. If this sounds harsh it is so because we can imagine a certain type of earnest clubwoman carefully copying such a comment in her notebook, and, when she may hear Edwin Arlington Robinson's poetry mentioned in the future, resuscitating the words to murmur, "Beauteous things are touched to sacred splendor by the mysterious presence of Eternity," which is about as far from illuminating Mr. Robinson's idiom as any words may well be. There is, in fact, far too much rhetoric of this kind in Dr. Cestre's appreciation. It springs, certainly, from rapt enthusiasm for its subject and—from the Gallic temperament.

Also Dr. Cestre lays continual stress upon the classicism of Mr. Robinson, the decorum, the sobriety. Perhaps it's his manner of using terms like these, but we felt a growing irritation. It is not that he thinks Robinson in the least a Puritan symbol. He is very careful to explain that. It is that he makes him seem, somehow, conventional, when, to us, he is usually an exciting poet; certainly not exciting in an obvious way, but intellectually exciting; and it is a pity that the word "classic" has come to raise an immediate picture of a cold marble bust or urn. It is a pity, also, that Dr. Cestre should see the necessity of setting the achievement of Robinson on one side and "Whitman's crude appeal" and modern experimentation on the other. It is true that at one time the revival of Whitman by the disciples of Whitman went to such lengths as to demand a counter-blast. But that is not so today. Neither is modern experimentation something with which Mr. Robinson is entirely out of sympathy. He reserves his judgment for actual performance. He also recognizes dissimilarity of aims, and judges with the intention in mind. It is perfectly true, in regard to Whitman, that, as Dr. Cestre says, "Robinson is no less distinctly American, from a different point of view, and his Americanism is no less vigorous and genuine than some loud and boisterous varieties embedded in the Whitmanian heritage." Perfectly true, but equally true of Emerson, and rather a primer reminder after all.

Dr. Cestre is most valuable in his explanation to the average reader of what Mr. Robinson's poems mean, in order that the idiom may be learned. We would fain prune his explanations, but it is entirely apparent that he has made a close and intelligent study of every printed word of the poet's work. He even explains lucidly a most difficult poem, the most difficult to our mind that Robinson ever wrote, namely "The Whip." When he says in conclusion "It was not the welt of a physical blow. Was it a wound inflicted by spirit on spirit? Pathos and mystery meet in this symbol," we would not stake any large sum upon the welt having *not* been meant as the welt of a physical blow, but then his guess is quite as good as ours. Only the poet could tell us, and he, by now, may be in the case of Browning who remarked that he "knew what those lines meant when he wrote them, but now," etc., etc.

It is in his discussion of Robinson's treatment of the Arthurian legend that Dr. Cestre is really at his best. His comparison of Robinson to Tennyson and Swinburne is a fair judgment. Robinson accomplished a new thing and beat them both, and all jongleurs before them, in turning legend into actual life recreated as by sorcery. Matthew Arnold's fragment on Tristram is nowhere. And here, in discussing "Tristram," Dr. Cestre presents this sentence description of one who is now perhaps our most eminent poet, so good a description that we would have you balance it against what we have already said in criticism:

> He does not seek the rare; his manner is rare, because the keenness of his observation, the sagacity of his judgment, the promptness of his sensibility make it inevitably so.

In general we may say that we welcome this book as an addition to what had already been written about Robinson, and we welcome it particularly because from it the layman can easily gain an idea of what he is missing through unfamiliarity with the poet's work. "It requires," for the layman, as Dr. Cestre well says, "steadiness, patience, continuity of purpose, and a certain willingness and pliancy to become a familiar of Robinson's poetry and open oneself to its influence. The readers who make the preliminary effort of initiation will not waste their pains. They will discover much more than any formal analysis can suggest, for they will find themselves in contact with a deep nature and an original genius, whose quiet ways hide abundant reserves of rich humanity."

* *

Sacheverell Sitwell's "Doctor Donne and Gargantua: The First Six Cantos" ($10) is published in London by Duckworth and here by the Houghton Mifflin Company in an edition of two hundred and fifteen numbered copies (of which 100 only are for sale in Great Britain and 100 in the United States.) The copies are signed by the author and bear a frontispiece by Rex Whistler which is a delightful example of this young Englishman's inimitable work. As we have said, we found the verse monotonous in its beat. "Dr. Donne and Gargantua" is also an esoteric effort. The first three Cantos have been previously published (in 1921) in another volume of the author's, and the poem, as now presented, has, according to the author, "been worked on at intervals over the last ten years and the whole project was undertaken deliberately as a material likely to occupy congenial moments over a long stretch of years." There are notes at the end of the volume "to give clues where there seemed to be any particular difficulty. The whole poem is a contest between good and evil, between the spiritual and the physical, and that having been said there should be little else to understand that is not supplied by the notes."

The poem is highly fantastic and, in passages, most beautiful. As for the reason of Dr. Donne's and Gargantua's pilgrimage:

Gargantua said he would contrive
To get a mandrake root with child;
Doctor Donne had said he'd strive
To snare a meteor, wet and wild.

This idea arising, of course, from the poet's remembrance of two famous lines of Donne's. So they set forth; but their journey, rehearsed by the Almighty, loses its wandering symbolism in the writing by Mr. Sitwell of poetry for poetry's sake. And it is often lovely poetry to read, lovely and leisurely and eclectic; in fact, what one would expect. A pleasant book of trance to peruse on the summer river-bank of a noon stream. Also, its air of distinction springs from the possession of genuine distinction. But we cannot sincerely feel that the material is successfully organized.

Fanciful vs. Metaphysical

CIRCUMFERENCE: Varieties of Metaphysical Verse. Edited with a Preface by GENEVIEVE TAGGARD. New York: Covici. Friede. 1930. $6.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

THIS is one of the most interesting collections that any contemporary poet—or publisher—has offered. Its periphery includes circle within circle; its central point is fiery—but Miss Taggard's "Circumference" is stretched beyond the logic of her theory. Attempting to limit the indefinite borders of metaphysics, Miss Taggard quotes definitions of Dryden, Johnson, Gosse, Grierson, and Pearson—with the result that her own appended dicta, alert though they are, only add confusion to uncertainty. Recognizing the conflict between idea and fact, she also recognizes that "Keats is the clearest possible example of what a metaphysical poet is not," but, nevertheless, includes two poems by Keats. In the center of her nebulous circle Miss Taggard casually couples John Donne and Emily Dickinson—a plausible if startling marriage—and broadly implies that these two alone deserve the title of metaphysician, one who "is neither fierce nor tender, as was Blake, (but) is stoic, and has small joy even in that attitude."

One questions at once so doctrinaire a definition—the more so when connected with Donne. If ever there was an attitude fierce, ecstatic, burning with awe and grossness, inflamed, impatient—in short the very opposite of stoic—it is the attitude, or rather the intense movement, in such poems as Donne's "Going to Bed," "A Flea," (that monstrous conceit), "The Extasie" (which, unlike "Q" in "The Oxford Book of English Verse," Miss Taggard reprints in full), and the passion-crying, almost hysterical "The Expiration." What, then, is a metaphysical poet? One who, as Grierson maintains, is inspired by a philosophical conception of the universe and the rôle assigned to the human spirit in the great drama of existence? Or is he one who relies on inverted thoughts and phrases, curiosity of images, violences, and vagaries of expression? Miss Taggard partly begs and partly answers the question by asserting that, though there are only two genuinely metaphysical poets "of the first order of clarity" in the entire span of our literature, there are many metaphysical poems. These—and there are almost two hundred of them—she offers in "Circumference."

Once again the reader must be confused. As a poet, Miss Taggard's taste is sensitive without being precious; as a metaphysician. . . ? Here, to choose only a few strange examples, are three poems by Browning ("A Light Woman," "Two in the Campagna," "The Bishop Orders His Tomb") which are excellent essays in psychological portraiture. Here is Rupert Brooke's Heaven," which, in spite of its title, is pure ironic fooling. Here is Edna Millay's "To the Not Impossible Him," which is mere fig-in-the-cheek badinage. Here is John Crowe Ransom's "Piazza Piece," which is a delicate striking of a note no deeper than the whimsicaly bizarre. Such inclusions make Miss Taggard's omissions the more conspicuous. She quotes verse by the playful Prior and the precise Pope, but not a line by the profound Traherne. One can find no trace here of the spiritual significance of Christina Rossetti, the tortured visions of Gerard Manley Hopkins, the intensities of Charlotte Mew. Imitations of Yeats are here, but not Yeats himself. Miss Taggard's sympathy with "modern" metaphysics is almost chauvinistic; her living poets—twenty-six in toto—are, with one exception, A. E. Housman, all American.

Thus it seems that Miss Taggard is as unsure of her terms as a Humanist. She confuses the metaphysical with the psychological, the fanciful, and the merely unusual, with whatever is not a record of physical sensation. Yet, apart from her failure to document her thesis, this is a rare and rewarding collection.

England is talking about a new writer

RHYS DAVIES

Here is a young author whose work has been known only in limited editions abroad and in a first novel, "The Withered Root," praised by critics in England and America as an "achievement." His second novel has given him a wide, enthusiastic British audience who hail him as a "comer", "someone to watch." It was published here yesterday.

RINGS ON HER FINGERS

Town and country in Wales . . . Edith Stevens a woman in whom petty passions obscure her search for the supreme passion of love . . . Drawn to the life, she is the rebellious modern who inevitably mistakes her values. "Mr. Davies' novel is a most original performance . . . exceptional . . . moving . . . written with an intensity that augurs well for his future."—*New Statesman*. $2.00.

HARCOURT, BRACE & CO., 383 Madison Ave., N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Letter from France

By Abel Chevalley

UNDER clouded skies and torrents of rain, we have been celebrating without great enthusiasm the centenary of that revolution of July, 1830 which ended the Bourbon régime in France. Coup d'État and revolt, repression and final smash, it was all done in three days, three hot days, since dubbed "les Trois Glorieuses" (the obvious substantive "journées" being omitted).

The old printing firm of Firmin Didot, now publishing under the name of Librairie de Paris, is responsible for a series of Histoires de France. "Les Trois Glorieuses," by Georges Girard, had their place in advance marked in that excellent series. It is, if not the best, at least the best informed account of the events of July, 1830, which I have come across among the historical rabble of books let loose by the centenary. It sent me back to "La Fronde à Paris" in the same series by Henri Courteault, and from barricades to barricades, from street fights to wholesale fusillades. I ventured again, while I was at it, into the successful "Folle Vie de la Reine Margot," by Paul Rival, also one of Firmin Didot's Histoires de France.

All these books are beautifully printed and got up—a world-known trait of the old firm—and cost less than a magazine number for railway reading at an American bookstall.

I hear that Joseph Delteil's "Don Juan" has been tabooed by the supreme bookselling authority in France. The *Mesageries Hachette*, who have a monopoly of railway bookstalls, have withdrawn it from their lists. I hold no brief for Joseph Delteil. He is to me but a name. In the excess of attention that has been bestowed on his "Jeanne d'Arc" and his "Don Juan," there is probably an element of personal interest in the author which I have never had the occasion and privilege of sharing. But literary taboos always work against their object. I have read "Don Juan" because I was forbidden to buy it. But it is always the wrong book that gets in hot water. Banned literature rarely deserves banning. In nine cases out of ten it is merely literature. Its remoteness makes it innocuous.

As a piece of rhetoric "Don Juan" is quite worthy of the author of "Jeanne d'Arc." A few passages are of the highest quality, such as the speech of the Statue in which the Conqueror is convicted of being a slave, a victim, a rag, the plaything of women. But such verbal splendors do not appeal to the man in the street. If, tempted by the title, he could and did buy "Don Juan" at a railway bookstall, he would yawn and go to sleep before reaching the next station. The crudities and horrors that lie under the wealth of Delteil's metaphor (some of them magnificent, others childish) would remain more than half concealed to his eyes. Those who can appreciate a book of this kind are sure to read it, whether on sale or not. Those who cannot might safely be allowed to buy a work which they are unable to enjoy or assimilate. Even Don Juan's attempted profanation of the host and his youthful liberties with an image of the holy Virgin are lost in a haze of rhetoric, and in consequence despoiled of their satanic effect. Constant anachronisms, an admixture of autobiography, frequent reversals in time and space transferring the epic of Don Juan into contemporary life and literature, contribute to the bewilderment of the uninitiated. A strange book, powerful, often trivial, but not likely to become dangerously popular.

In the series Maîtres des Littératures, published by the Editions Rieder, I have recently read a "Jean-Jacques Rousseau" and a "Chateaubriand" (just out), both deserving attention. All the volumes of that series and of Maîtres de la Musique, Maîtres de l'Art Ancien, Maîtres de l'Art Moderne, etc., are provided with an appendix containing an excellent iconography of the subject. And their retail price is four-fifths of a dollar!

The volume on "Chateaubriand," by H. Le Savoureux, will be especially interesting to those who, knowing M. Joseph Bédier's masterly indictment, consider Chateaubriand's accounts of his travels in America as a mere fabrication. Did he ever go to America? After M. Bédier's destructive criticism of his statements, the question was permissible. But M. G. Chinard has unearthed the letters of some priests who travelled from St. Malo to Baltimore with the future author of "Atala." Did he ever set foot in New York and Philadelphia? Some traces of his stay have been found in both towns. Did he meet Washington? He said yes. M. Bédier says: No. But General La Rouerie's letter of introduction, bearing a note in Washington's own hand, has been discovered, and, though it does not prove that an interview took place, Chateaubriand's assertion needs no longer be considered as a fib. His acquaintance with Niagara Falls is now regretfully admitted. This gorgeously romantic description of the rivers Ohio and Mississippi and the episode of the Florida girls have been ridiculed and dragged to pieces. No doubt the descriptions are highly "colored." The amorous episode was probably embellished and poetized. What of that?

From Pittsburgh, Chateaubriand leaves us entirely in the dark concerning his route. It is impossible that he should, in five months, have covered the ground over which his critics are tracking him. But he does not say that he did. Where he speaks in his own name, he seems reliable.

The course attributed to him was not necessarily his course. The chronology of his trip remains as imprecise as its topography. He has most evidently "lifted" from William Burtram, Jonathan Carver, and Father de Charlevoix the greater part of his observations on nature. His zoölogy, geography, and sociology of the wilds are manifestly borrowed wholesale. Still, nobody but himself could have written such descriptions of wild nature. And nobody, not even himself, could have written them without that depth of feeling and intensity of vision which result from a personal contact with the object.

It is true that the "Voyage" and his "Memoires" are entirely misleading. But it should in justice be remembered that "Voyages" were, in his time, as much a literary *genre* as a scientific branch of writing. And the text of his "Memoires" has so manifestly been manipulated and "finished" by unknown hands before publication that all the lies it contains are not necessarily attributable to Chateaubriand.

Such is, in brief, Mr. Le Savoureux's view of Chateaubriand as a writer on America. May I suggest that his case is not unlike the case of Aphra Behn, author of "Oroonoko"? If she did not go to Surinam, or if, though she went, she never saw or did what she pretends to have seen or done, then all the worse for Surinam. The fact remains that nobody before Astræa, and very few since, have ever written of the Savannah so magically.

Chateaubriand's works must be taken for what they were, not for what they were not. In a sense, all books are unreal. Their true reality lies, not in their cause and circumstances, but in their effect. This is what makes of literary fame a lottery; of reviewing a fairer game perhaps than the criticism of long dead authors, and of criticism itself a glorious gamble as compared with mere erudition. Chateaubriand may (or may not) be the simple and truthful author of his "Memoirs" and "Voyage." But we, the public of his and our own time, and above all, we, posterity, are the chief authors of Chateaubriand.

When I think of Shakespeare's text. . . . But I must not trespass.

Everyday Realism

LE VOYAGE À PARIS. By Raymond Mottart. Paris: La Renaissance du Livre. 1930.

Reviewed by Benjamin Woodbridge

JULES LEMAÎTRE hints that Bourget too often complicates the mentality of his characters and their situations for the sheer joy of acting as guide through a labyrinth. Such a temptation is ever in wait for the psychological novelist and many there are who succumb. We may admire their technique and ingenuity, but we cannot forget that the highest art begins where chaos ends. M. Mottart gives the illusion of absolute simplicity; only the alert will perceive, through his restraint, his studied cunning. His hero is anonymous—we may baptize him Everyman—, a young chemist whom a glimpse of the poetic muse has made a bit sentimentally fatuous and whose chief adventure is the trip to Paris. Journeys end . . . yes, but he has met Fernande at the opening of the story. Their acquaintance began dangerously; he attempted flirting on an excursion boat; he is a novice on the sea and Neptune routs Aphrodite. His discomfiture is portrayed with subtle humor, but the grotesque side of the incident escapes Fernande and the laughing goddess gains the advantage when the couple meet for a stroll in the Ardennes. Yet the poet in Everyman finds this terribly humdrum. Has he not dreamed of singing Armageddon when Beauty invades the United States? He welcomes a visit to Paris, where he would fain appear sophistication itself. Still Fernande's image haunts his sub-consciousness (that ugly word is happily avoided) until he learns that "Un seul être vous manque et tout est dépeuplé." So lovers meet again and Everyman reflects on his experience: "By a strange quirk of Fate, he who had wished to stamp with originality his slightest gesture, becomes the prey of hoary tradition and stereotyped sentiment." Thus the author reminds us that he has not for an instant forsaken everyday realism. At least he has plumbed it deeply while skirting both irony and fantasy.

Now It Has Been Told

WAS NICHT IN DIE ZEITUNG KAM. Erinnerungen des Chefredakteurs der *Birschewyja Wedomosti*. By S. M. v. Propper. Frankfurt a M: 1929.

Reviewed by A. M. Nikolaieff

UNDER the above title there appeared in Germany the reminiscences of the founder, publisher, and editor-in-chief of *The Stock Exchange News* (*Birzhevyia Vedomosti*), a St. Petersburg daily paper with an evening edition, one of the leading organs of the Russian political press, containing besides general news and special articles a large financial and business section, which was widely circulated during the three decades or so preceding the revolution.

The main interest of these reminiscences lies in that the author relates facts and conversations and describes situations and impressions which under the then existing conditions no Russian newspaper would venture to print. It is, therefore, the shadowy sides of the Russian pre-revolutionary life that his memoirs chiefly reflect. In them mistakes and intrigues of the statesmen, outside influences at the Court, corruption in certain ministries, restrictions to which the press was subject from time to time, little episodes characterizing the former rulers and high officials of Russia are brought to light. Although a great deal of the material, now published by Mr. Propper, may no longer be considered either a revelation or a narrative of general interest, the volume under review contains not a few data which are of unquestionable importance from the historical and social standpoint.

As examples of the latter such chapters of the earliest known examples of allegorical and pages may be pointed out as those, in which the inside story of the ill-fated project of the first Russian constitution (which never came into being owing to the assassination of Emperor Alexander II), the striking tale about the foreign origin of the "pogroms" which took place in the 'eighties in the south of Russia, and certain details throwing light on Bismarck's hostile attitude toward Russia, as a result of the sudden change in his policy, are told. With respect to the break of the traditional friendship between Germany and Russia, the testimony of the author of the memoirs, especially when supplemented by recent historical researches, confirms the theory that it was not the "Russian threats," as Bismarck wrote in his "Erinnerungen," but his ambition to achieve hegemony in Europe, which was the decisive factor in concluding the Dual Alliance aimed at Russia.

Much space in the volume is devoted to Count Witte and the important reforms in Russia with which the name of that statesman is closely associated (introduction of gold standard, establishment of the government monopoly of the sale of vodka, the manifesto calling into existence the Duma). Fully realizing how much his popularity and success depended on the attitude of the press, Count Witte established friendly relations and was in constant touch with the publisher of the *Birzhevyia;* he used to invite the latter every time that he wanted to influence public opinion in favor of his reforms. Thanks to those interviews and conversations Mr. Propper was able to get interesting sidelights on the origin, purpose, and execution of the reforms as well as to gather much information characterizing the man who had negotiated the treaty of Portsmouth. The picture of Count Witte, as the statesman is represented by the author of the memoirs (who may not be free from a certain bias), is not one testifying to the nobility of the character of its original, although he is called a great man.

A "dream book" of the early Egyptians has taken its place in the Egyptian section of the British Museum. The book is a part of eight early Egyptian papyri dating between 1250 and 1100 B. C., and is the only book of its kind recovered from ancient Egypt. It contains records of 100 dreams, their probable significance, and the results to be expected.

This DAY and TIME

By ANNE W. ARMSTRONG

Read what these critics say about

IVY INGOLDSBY

the heroine of this fine novel

"Ivy is a person for readers to treasure in their memories long after the last page of the story is read. She stands out from the groping, complex, sophisticated people of today's fiction, a solitary figure of suffering and compassion."

—The Philadelphia *Public Ledger*

"This Ivy Ingoldsby should find her place in the small gallery of American women in fiction who are real enough in themselves and so well epitomize the women of their time and place, that they stand as symbols as well as individuals."

—The *Book-of-the-Month Club News*

"As for Ivy, she would remain a heroic and haunting figure whatever her customs or her background."

—The *New York Herald Tribune Books*

$2.50 *at all bookshops*

ALFRED · A · KNOPF · 730 FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

BORZOI BOOKS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Points of View

Interpreting "Palambang"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Mr. Lee Watson Dodd's explanation of the sources of certain words and phrases in his "The Road to Palambang" is very interesting and may be true as far as it goes; but I find myself even more interested in the mental complex back of it all and out of which came the psychic stimulus that produced the dream.

As will be recalled, Freud says that "dreams are the removal of sleep-disturbing psychic stimuli by way of hallucinated satisfaction." One suspects that there is in all sleeping hours a psychic stimulus of some sort, but that in most cases it is not great enough to become sleep-disturbing or to produce dreams of sufficient force to be remembered afterward in waking hours. Sometimes when the dream fails to bring satisfaction—that is, to render the psychic stimulus wholly compatible with sleep—we awake, though, sometimes this does not occur until several dream explanations have been set forward. I assume that Mr. Dodd had but one dream. What then was the psychic stimulus back of it?

Far be it from me to attempt any Freudian symbolism. Instead my belief is that a safer guess can be made by other means, though limited as I am to what the author says of himself and attending circumstances, I may not give the correct answer. But if, as I believe, every dream has its roots in some meaning, it seems not unlikely that this meaning may be learned more or less by examining the author's psychic stimulus and the resulting dream together. The author thinks that the verses though beautiful are nonsense, and on the surface so they may appear; but when considered as dream language and subject to dream inconsistencies and in the light of circumstances given by the author, I think we shall be able to find not only beautiful language, but also beautiful meaning. The original reads:

Once on a future time not long ago
Before the end of wars, or ever we
Forsook the serpentine seraglio
To cross the undiscriminating sea—

Aphgar, the pirate, whetted a new blade
To carve a harp of crystal. Then he sang
The twenty-seven songs the sirens made
Below the sapphire rocks of Palambang.

Suppose we mutilate these fine lines with a paraphrase as follows:

There will come a time when all wars will have become things of the past. But even before that quite happens and while some of us shall be smarting because of having been accused of indulging in insidious ease in preference to crossing the submarine-infested ocean to destroy the arch pirate of them all, that same pirate will produce a new kind of blade and instead of using it in war, he will fashion the most beautiful instrument of music, and then after having sought out all the most beautiful songs ever made, he will sing them in the most beautiful place in all the world.

Where do I get all this? Well, it is clear from the author's own statement that he is not only a hater of war and a great lover of beauty, but that before going to sleep he had very much this sort of mental complex in the ascendency. I assume that the complex continued till it became a sleep-disturbing stimulus, upon which the dream follows logically as an attempt to prevent waking. The dream produced the lines of the poem out of some such meaning as that in the paraphrase. Fortunately Mr. Dodd's large apperceptive mass as regards language enabled him to string together far more beautiful words and phrases than those in my paraphrase; but in so doing some of the meaning was lost and, perhaps, to an unknown extent the dream censor was at work.

The confusion of tenses in the first stanza comes, I believe, first from a defeated art demand for a reminiscent form of narration and second from several ideas striving at once for expression. As in most such cases a resulting incongruity is readily tolerated in the dream. I myself once dreamed of seeing my body slowly hacked in two without feeling any pain or any concern about it. "Serpentine seraglio" I regard as a satirical form for "insidious ease." It is as if the objecting pacifist were saying, "Those war lords would have it that I keep a sort of serpentine seraglio," which while bearing some dream incongruity may fairly express the feelings of one who is being accused of being too much in love with ease. "Undiscriminating sea" is simply a highly artistic form for the plain "submarine-infested ocean," though the phrase is practically as expressive of the ocean regardless of submarines. I use the word submarine-infested because it fits the context of the dream stimulus and not in disregard of the ocean being always a ruthless destroyer.

The line containing the striking phrase mentioned being the end of a subordinate clause, a further idea was immediately required, and what more natural than that the word "pirate" should come to mind by association. Was not the submarine considered piratical? And Aphgar readily comes from the author's rich apperceptive mass as regards inventive-word experience. (Incidentally all this may have been in the dream nucleus, so to speak, at the beginning, but I must not attempt to unravel that factor.) And what better symbol of the art of music than the harp? "Twenty-seven" stands for "all" either because of its peculiar force to the author or, as many another number has been used even by unpoetic people to express the idea of completeness, like the number seven in the Bible. And who makes the most beautiful songs if not the sirens? And is not "sapphire rocks" easily interpreted "the most beautiful rocks"? And because of its power upon the author—and upon some more of us, too—does not Palambang, which encloses "sapphire rocks," symbolize the most beautiful place?

No doubt some things remain which require deeper explanation. I suggest only one; namely, the idea of making the pirate the cause of all the beauty that follows. Well, this pirate was to the dreamer simply that submarine fellow whom the war lord had urged him to kill. He is not thought of as an evil. It is as if the dreamer were tensely saying: "I hate war! I adore beauty! I hate war! I adore beauty! . . . Ah, I hate war so much and so much adore beauty that simply to spite the war lord I'm going to make this pirate the author of all beauty." Perverse, is it? Yes, but strong convictions often foster perverseness.

Following some such interpretation as I have given of the first stanza, the second stanza seems to me to stand clear enough as it is written, while the first stanza in the original is nonsense. For my part I wish the author would rewrite the first stanza and thus give us a poem beautiful not only in words but in meaning also. I feel that both writers and critics have in recent years been entirely too ready to glorify words rather than meaning. It may be—and I believe it is—true that the subject matter of this poem makes some vagueness desirable. Perhaps there is just the right amount in the second stanza, but there is too much in the first.

Again let me say that I may be wrong in my interpretation, and also that I hope the author will forgive my word-smashing paraphrase, my only object being to find beauty of meaning.

J. C. NICHOLSON.

Vero Beach, Florida.

War and Peace

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Apropos of your article on Reading and Fighting in the April 12th number, I congratulate you heartily. No student of problems of war and peace, and having read only a few of the war books and those articles on war prevention happened upon, my only excuse for writing is that I was just too young to be actively engaged in the World War and am therefore in contact with some of the participants as well as the younger men even less touched by its effects than I.

I thought you might be interested in the fact that in all the discussions of war involving my presence, the prevalent attitude has been of speculation as to the next. Men who fought in '17-'18 take the position that they will never fight again, and prophesy sometimes the entire destruction of humanity in the next war, but they take it for granted there will be a next war, and never for a moment hope for a lasting peace.

Younger men discuss the relative efficacy of the various branches of service, and I have heard advanced many times as one of the reasons for learning to fly, the fact that the aeroplane will be the strongest military arm in the future. It goes without saying that with the least drudgery, it will also be the most exciting service.

In all the articles read on security and war prevention, it is not said that there will be peace. It is the same question of prohibition all over again. Outlaw war—Prevent war—Laws to make war humane—Limitation of armament to weaken the destructive forces which are sure to be used in the war which is just as surely on its way. It is always war, war, war. Rarely have I come across a proposal to further peace (outside of the League which has been anathematized) or an active crusade to forget war in the encouragement of peace. In truth, except in disparaging conjunction with the word treaty, the word Peace is scarcely heard.

Where is the educational drive to promote friendship of nations? Certainly not so long ago in school and college, the chief concern of history was about campaign strategy and romantic battles. Inbred is a firm admiration for a man like Napoleon. Out of the wars there emerged the conqueror and conquered—facts not to be pitied. No doubt the study included the making of peace, but it came as an unimaginative aftermath, never a beginning for new and better things.

Many books were thrust upon us in school and college; fleeting acquaintances whose hands we shook and then forgot. They were never introduced as friends to be met with again and again, to be understood, to be loved. So, with the cursory study of nations, who believes in the possibility of friendship with a few names like England, France, Germany, and Japan? They are just places, mentally perhaps unpeopled.

A short time ago in your *Review*, I saw an article which set forth the tenet that the winners in the world war were the economic losers. That would seem to be a beneficial reversal of the victor-vanquished principle inculcated in the educational process. No doubt they were the moral losers, too. If there was any material gain, our country, I suppose, acquired it, and immediately it became necessary to defend it, possibly by something called parity. We cannot forget the war, and we saddle our opponents with payments over a number of decades to keep the memory alive in them as well as in us, the collectors. When a government fifty years hence receives a good-sized check, will its first reaction not be that war is a pretty fine policy? More wars, more payments. No newer and better outlook has been raised on the horizon by my friend.

The economic cost of war, or defense, of which I have no adequate conception, no doubt could be directed towards a will to peace, peace being desirable. Assuredly it has been learned that if all the money spent on passing a prohibitive law and increasing the police patrol had been employed to give the affected people some benefit, even just a hope, certain conditions today might not be what they are. Any person who has nothing to look forward to but pauperized, decaying old age, is a fool not to take drastic action. War between nations is nothing more than crime between individuals. Being blind to its possibility is different from admitting the probability of war. We expect to live at peace with our neighbors. War which rears itself in a world universally inclined to peace is not the same as preparing, being ever on the alert for war.

The position which this country holds in the world today peculiarly fits it to be the leader in the promotion of international friendship. It is apparent in any number of articles that the United States is looked upon with suspicion, fear, perhaps even a modicum of hate. A rich young man coming into a society with the antagonism which those feelings generate, must necessarily strive by additional humility and self-sacrifice to overcome it. The first move will reside in him, and the business of stooping to conquer is known to be efficacious at times, particularly where friendship is the end, and it might even be applied to naval conferences.

As for the solution, quite naturally, I have none other than the suggested change of attitude in regard to the inevitability of war. Perhaps, if nations could be persuaded to disarm, the money saved might liquidate the debts incurred during the war, and reparations might be dispensed with. A bribe along those lines could not be so evil, and the cleaner the past slate is swept, the fresher will be the universal outlook. As far as national economic barriers are concerned, I firmly believe that the promotion of internationalism is far more important than any domestic problems. To be sure, I have nothing personal at stake.

I apologize humbly for the inordinate length of this. When I sat down to write and congratulate you on your article, and tell you of my experiences in relation to the discussion of war books, I had no intention of such a lengthy expression of views. I reiterate (as must be apparent) that I am no student of the problem, and if I have been unfortunate in the material met with, I should like to have that fact pointed out, with definite reference as to where better material may be obtained. My only positive assertion is that there are many people of mediocrity who have read the same books and articles, sat in the same kind of discussion that I have. People are interested in the movement against war, but I imagine that a book written from the angle that there is peace, that there will be peace, and that war will be the exception, no matter if it contains ghastly details of war horrors, would be received with great favor, and have more lasting value than all the rest put together.

My memory recalls a book entitled "Ways to Peace," but as I recollect, it contained merely outlines for courts of law and police power, which seems to me should come *after* we have decided that we can live together on a friendly basis, and as a natural growth of rules which will help us so to do, rather than at a time when we are expecting a bash on the nose from our next door neighbor. Mr. Clancy lives next door to me, and though I don't know him very well, I consider himself as like myself. We live on friendly terms. If he called on me to suggest that he will rid himself of his revolver if I will, I am immediately on the defensive and no prohibitive law in the world will prevent me from buying a machine gun. When we meet thereafter we are sensitive, antagonistic. There is a word over a bottle of milk, a bash on the nose, interference of neighbors, a bullet, and the feud is on. Police power cannot prevent it if we want to fight, but the fact is, we want to get along as peaceably as possible. We will hold court if necessary, to *preserve the peace!* (Not avoid war!) I even find myself on the verge of going over to Mr. Clancy and telling him I think he is a swell fellow. I hope I have not made an enemy of you by my longwindedness.

HERBERT PAYSON JR.

Cleveland, O.

"Bad Literature"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

In your editorial, Hacks and Hackdom, (July 5) you speak of "bad literature." I question the term.

I would define literature as the body of successful artistic attempts to present ideas in words. That that is spoken of as bad literature is, to speak precisely, failures in the artistic presentation of ideas in words. I would permit only the achievements and not the unsuccessful attempts to be classified as literature. There is therefore no such thing as bad literature.

JAMES BRIDGES.

Toronto.

Not Guilty

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Having been birched as a moral anarchist, I suppose good form, if it does not require me to kiss the rod, at least suggests that it is too late to plead Not Guilty. Indeed, I am half tempted to let the accusation stand, because of the unique position it would put me in: the political anarchists, Macchiavelli, Nietzsche, the Marquis de Sade, and the Satanists of various sects have perhaps preached very vicious doctrines, but they cannot fairly be described as moral anarchists. I am rather puzzled to know why Professor Preserved Smith considers that "Mrs. Grundy" tears all morality to shreds: surely not because I point out that all moral principles vary from country to country and from age to age, since he says the same thing in his own new book. It must be because I record what Professor Smith considers vicious acts without condemning them. Perhaps it is relevant to point out that I do not praise them, either. No doubt I am mistaken, but I think a history of morals can do very well without any interlarded lectures on the good life.

Whether it needs to deal more than a history of literature or of the fine arts with such matters as economic and religious development is, after all, somewhat disputable. So is the question whether any truly scientific history has been, or now can be, written. I myself think that history as a science is impossible until the study of human behavior can be considered complete and accurate.

LEO MARKUN.

Indianapolis, Ind.

Professor Arthur Richel, of the Frankfort (Germany) Municipal Library, has found in the old Dominican library a Latin edition of the works of Justin the Martyr, bearing on the title page a handwritten dedication to the Dominicans, signed by Dr. Johann Faust.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be received later.

Belles Lettres

THE TRADITION OF VERGIL. Three Papers on the History and Influence of the Poet. By JUNIUS S. MORGAN, KENNETH MCKENZIE and CHARLES G. OSGOOD. Princeton University Press. 1930.

MASTER VERGIL. An Anthology of Poems in English. Compiled and edited by ELIZABETH NITCHIE. Boston: Heath. 1930.

These two volumes are inspired by the Virgilian bimillennial, and between them offer plentiful evidence that this "poets' poet" has had a greater influence on the writers, and at second remove, on the public, of later times than any other author, if one excepts Homer's domination of Greek letters. The Princeton volume consists of three papers read at a commemorative meeting last year. Mr. Morgan gives a concise but very thorough history of the text of Virgil in manuscript and type; Mr. McKenzie writes on Virgil and Dante—a relation unique in literature, considering the stature of the two; and Mr. Osgood argues that "Virgil's genius exhibits a strange (and exceptional) affinity with that of far-off Britain."

Miss Nitchie's anthology is still more impressive, as a testimonial to Virgil's continuing power. She has omitted the translations, imitations, and paraphrases which English-language poetry counts by the thousands and has merely collected "the poems or the parts of poems which English-speaking followers have written under his spell, paying direct tribtue to the poet or to his work. The list is long, from Chaucer and Gower down to our own times, and possibly the most remarkable proof of Virgil's ability to be all things to all men is found in the last two poems—editorials on the First Eclogue by John Finley and William Ellery Leonard, utterly different and equally apt.

Biography

HETTY GREEN: A Woman Who Loved Money. By BOYDEN SPARKES and SAMUEL TAYLOR MOORE. Doubleday, Doran. 1930. $5.

This substantial book has a curious tale to tell. The famous Hetty Green was born of two old and wealthy New England families, the Howlands and the Robinsons. From her father, Edward Mott Robinson, she inherited in the summer of 1865 a million dollars outright, and a still larger sum in trust. Two weeks later the death of a rich aunt in New Bedford, Sylvia Ann Howland, gave her another large bequest, including another million dollars in trust. The country just after the Civil War had few multi-millionaires. Among them she was probably the sole woman. By 1867 Hetty Green was worth very nearly $4,000,000, and her estate was increasing at the rate of $200,000 annually. She promptly married Colonel Edward H. Green, who was himself a millionaire, and the two combined their wits to increase their fortunes as rapidly as possible.

Among hasty and superficial biographies of business figures, this volume stands out by virtue of the conscientiousness of its workmanship. Its interest is not in the light it throws on financial history, but in its presentation of a strange human being and a peculiar psychology. Hetty Green never succeeded in doing anything really constructive with her money in her entire life. She built no railroads, though at one time she pieced together a little Texas system for her son; she founded no banks or manufactories; she supported no innovations. Her whole energies were bent to the cold, calculating investment of her moneys in the securities of property founded and managed by others and in real estate. The student of business annals will find here some interesting material on the management of the Chemical National Bank—Hetty Green's bank—and that is about all. But if the book is deficient in business interest, it is rich in psychological interest. It tells, soberly and carefully, how Hetty Green became so immersed in guarding her fortune that she sacrificed almost everything to it; how she grew more and more penurious, till with uncounted wealth at her command she deprived herself of food, dressed in the clothing of a scarecrow, and lived in the cheapest of rooms to save a few dollars. She gave up her husband because he lacked the financial sagacity she required. She gave up the luxury of friends. She lived in fugitive quarters to make sure that she could not be assessed for taxes in New York. Her one weakness was her children; for them she would part with small sums, though she took care to train them in a superhuman thrift. When she died in 1916 she had a fortune which was appraised at $67,385,000; but it is believed that its real value was in excess of $100,000,000. She had reversed Dr. Johnson's maxim that "It is better to live rich than to die rich" as completely as any human being could.

As a "human interest story" the book has merit. It unostentatiously teaches a moral, though the moral is rather obvious. But it is to be wished that the thoroughness of the authors had been expended upon some leader of railroading or manufacturing or banking who was really worth while.

Education

THE NEW EDUCATION IN AUSTRIA. By R. DOTTRENS. Day. 1930. $3.

The present is undoubtedly a period of considerable unrest in education and the terms "new education" or "progressive education" words to conjure with. "The New Education in Austria," written by an Inspector of Schools in Geneva and edited by Paul L. Dengler, Director of the Austro-American Institute of Education, represents an attempt to show how the unrest has been met in the post-War reconstruction of education in Austria by the adoption of new theories underlying educational principles and practices. Although the title of the book refers to Austria the text deals almost wholly with the reform in Vienna.

The volume is on the whole an undistinguished presentation of little more than the school reform as seen by a schoolman with scarcely any attempt to paint in the background of the social, economic, and political forces without which an interpretation of modern educational reforms is almost unintelligible. The strain of political conflicts that attended the reform in Vienna is not clearly brought out, while the struggle between the Viennese reformers and the rest of Austria is nowhere fully discussed. The dominant personality, the educational outlook, and the administrative ability of the leader of the reform, Otto Glöckel, are passed over with a bare mention of his name. The editor's interlocutory remarks tend to interrupt the flow of the author's account rather than to illuminate it. There is perhaps a tendency to contrast this book with "The New Education in the German Republic" in the same series in which the authors, Thomas Alexander and Beryl Parker, have given color and life to the interpretation of the German educational reform which one misses entirely in the present volume.

International

LOOK TO THE EAST. By FREDERICK PALMER. Dodd, Mead. 1930. $3.

Rarely is so much accurate and reliable information packed into such small compass. Those who wish to gain an idea of the great changes which have been taking place during the last few years in Japan, Manchuria, Korea, China, and the Philippine Islands cannot do better than to read this account of the contrasting impressions of a trained newspaper correspondent after an absence of twenty-five years. He has a keen insight into the fundamental causes which are so rapidly transforming the Orient, a sympathetic understanding of the difficulties which the leaders must overcome, and the ability to present a clear picture of confused situations.

Underlying everything else, he shows how Japan is being forced to expand on the continent of Asia, thus becoming one of the main factors in the struggle of the Asiatic races to throw off the political, financial, and economic control of the European countries, complicated by Soviet interference and the civil wars between hostile Chinese factions. The book throws a flood of light upon the obscure reasons which prevented the complete success of the recent conference in London to reduce armaments. Though responsible statesmen hesitate to avow it, the competition for the trade of the Far East is one of the principal reasons for building fleets of swift cruisers.

The style is fascinating and the material so entertaining that one hesitates to lay the volume down until it is finished. Personal observations, interviews with important people, anecdotes, explanations, and shrewd conclusions are combined with unusual skill to make a book which is of equal value to the casual reader and to the student, a rare accomplishment.

Fiction

THE DEVIL'S SPOON. By THEODORA DEBOIS. Stokes. 1930. $2.50.

Haroot, a disembodied spirit, with the illusion of a body rather like quartz, hangs by his heels in a pit in Hades, teaching miserable young sheytans and djinns and ghouls the elements of magic. He has irresistible charm, and a pleasant, imperturbable disposition. Morover, he has character. But a certain cockiness has expelled him from the celestial regions, and from sipping tea with St. Cecelia he has been cast down to the lowest ranks. This is the spirit that slips one summer's afternoon into the body of a certain Benjy Bingham, when Benjy is drowning in what might be Long Island Sound—into the body of fat, pudgy, self-indulgent, dull Benjy Bingham. The mixing up of Benjy's brain paths and inclinations with Haroot's swift intelligence and perfect taste is delightful. With fervor and passionate longing, Haroot fights to assert his own personality through the groggy remnants of the other. And he is successful with all his environment, except with Sally, Benjy's (and his) wife. Sally has lived too long with a clod. To pierce her self-defenses is the hardest work that this spirit of many worlds has undertaken. His implacable effort is wistful and most endearing.

The story is very amusingly told. A certain bright shamelessness in Haroot's memories of other, less conventional, existences, and quirks of thoughts that suburban residents don't indulge in, keep him spiritually apart in the pretty but rather uninteresting world he has found himself in. For love of Sally he sticks it out, leaving the reader with the hopeful feeling that one creature so vivid may yet save the whole dull lot.

A CANDLE IN THE WILDERNESS. A Tale of the Beginning of New England. By IRVING BACHELLER. Bobbs, Merrill. 1930. $2.

While Mr. Bacheller's latest novel deals primarily with Masachusetts three centuries ago, he has not wholly forsaken the New York soil which is his favorite ground. He has given his book two heroes, young English comrades who flee from Stuart oppression to the Boston of 1635. Through them we have glimpses of the Puritan community springing up in the New World, and Governor Dudley, John Endicott, John Winthrop, the Cottons, and other worthies. But one of them before long betakes himself on a long journey to the north and west. He visits Lake Champlain, the lodges of the Iroquois, the trading post at Fort Orange, and other points in the wilderness, and descends the Hudson to New Amsterdam. On the way he encounters sundry adventures with the Indians and makes the admiring acquaintance of the missionary Jean de Brebœuf. By this simple device Mr. Bacheller finds it possible to show us the English, the French, the Dutch, and the Indians, their customs, their strength, and their estimation of one another. It is evident that he has studied a wide range of materials in order to prepare himself, and he has made the most of all his opportunities.

The result is that while the book lacks the spontaneity of Mr. Bacheller at his best, and smells a good deal of the lamp, it is full of genuinely accurate and informing historical material. The sketch of Boston in 1635, a little town of a hundred houses and of staid manners, is matched by the sketch of New Amsterdam, with its windmill, its log houses, its thousand people, and its bustling commercial life. Much of the plot of the novel turns on the rather harsh laws of the Puritans, who send one of the two heroes to jail. By contrast we are shown the roysterers of New Amsterdam at their pastimes of clubbing-the-cat and goose-pulling. Indian life is depicted with the same faithfulness, and from the Jesuit Relations and other sources the author has assembled data on the conduct of hunting expeditions, the homes and the sports of the savages, the cruelty of their women, and their treatment of the sick. A rather pretty love story, naturally, runs through the book. The tale does not represent the freshest inspiration of Mr. Bacheller, but it is certainly one of the most informative of his volumes.

GENTLEMEN IN HADES: The Story of a Damned Debutante. By FREDERIC ARNOLD KUMMER. Sears. 1930. $2.50.

Intellectually meretricious, this effort at smartness is more than enough to give any sensible reader the horrors. Mr. Kummer, chronicling a debutante's efforts to crash the higher social circles of Hell, is always dull and usually nasty. Such a laborious succession of cheap *double entendres* we have never before encountered.

(*Continued on next page*)

"One of the strangest life stories . . . in literature. It is doubtful if there is anything else quite like it."—The Outlook

LONE COWBOY

My Life Story, by

WILL JAMES

"This is a life that could have been matched nowhere else in the world but on our Western plains, and at no other time but in the last few decades. . . . It is a special quality of experience he writes about, wholly and indigenously American, something fleeting and precious to be preserved—and he has done it well. It is a book everyone will just naturally warm up to—man, woman, and child."—*Henry Seidel Canby in the Book-of-the-Month Club News.*

With 50 drawings by the author. $2.75

A New Scribner Omnibus Book

The Adventures of Ephraim Tutt

by Arthur Train

Twenty-nine stories, the cream of seven volumes about the canny Mr. Tutt, including two stories never before in book form.

751 pages. $2.50

A Sparkling New Novel

Wind Without Rain

by Shan Sedgwick

A fast-moving satire on the denizens of Wall Street and the residents of one of New York's most decorative and exclusive suburbs. $2.00

Spain

by Salvador de Madariaga

"The book is worthy of its probable future as the standard reference on Modern Spain for English-reading students."
—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

507 pages. $5.00.

at your bookstore

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

THE MARSH WIFE. By JAMES B. WHARTON. Coward-McCann. 1930. $2.50.

There is a Thomas Hardy element in this book—Thomas Hardy at his best. The tidal marsh, beautiful in ugliness, the constant rhythms of nature—ebb and flow of tides, coming and passing of reed birds, rails, ducks, schools of shads swimming up the bay in spring, muskrats thickening their fur against the cold of winter—all in their season, and against this pulsating background the stalwart figure of a boy growing up alone into manhood. Perhaps because it is so seldom nowadays that we read of man living alone, so seldom in fact that he does live alone, the picture of the market gunner in his little cabin drawn up among the tall reeds in Black Ditch, comes like a fresh breeze. There is elemental dignity in a man living so. Dependent on nature, he is respectful of it to a degree incomprehensible to city folk, while his faith in human beings seems to them childish. He is too far away to see the foibles and meannesses. In this man sex plays its proportionate part. It makes the story. But although his experiences are dramatic and absorbing, they never succeed in drawing him away from the marsh. Nor is the reader drawn away so skilful has been the author's big architectural plan. Details fit in harmoniously. The structure is firm.

The fault of the book lies in trying to make a finished story out of it—as if at the end the builder stuck a tawdry cupola on his large and simple building. When the tale has to be wound up, characters are slashed and events become confused. The sporting girl from across the Bay—a fresh, enticing figure—becomes stock. Another, "planted" at intervals throughout the tale, steps up and becomes the marsh wife. The hero himself dwindles away in an artificial close. . . . But even in the disappointment of anticlimax, the tidal marsh comes flowing back. It fills the memory. It is constant and enduring.

TOUCH ME NOT. By VINCENT MCHUGH. Cape & Smith. 1930. $2.50.

Mr. McHugh promises his readers "a plain tale, in which there is no device, but desert enough." But that is a joke, and was probably so intended; here is some desert, but hardly enough to make it worth while to hack one's way through four hundred pages of device. The author seems ashamed to use any word in a sense in which it was ever used by anyone else; so he has evolved his own idiom, as the trade jargon puts it. The idiom is much admired by some of his contemporaries, but on this reviewer it makes the same impression as a man who wears diamond rings with his bathing suit. This is a matter of taste, of course; some people prefer diamond rings with the bathing suit, and if Mr. McHugh chooses to write for an inner circle of the elect and appreciative, no one can deny his right. But he offers his book for sale to the general public at two dollars and a half; and prospective purchasers ought to be warned that it can be read only with such effort as would be entailed in translating it from the Lithuanian.

All this would not matter except that Mr. McHugh has stuff, and it will be a pity if he wastes himself in an omphaloscopic concentration on his own cleverness. The scene of the story is a seaside amusement park in summer; and even through the barrier of the style one feels the author's unusual sensitiveness to color, to atmosphere, to the variety and interplay of personality. Not even Tolstoy could have made much out of the hero, a college boy who seethed with "two weeks' unaccustomed continence," and considered himself Elizabethan when he was merely callow. But callow young men have sometimes been smitten with genuine passions, headlong and devastating; and Mr. McHugh makes you believe in the reality of this boy's passion for a seventeen-year-old girl who was ready enough to yield her body but inhibited when it came to giving her affection.

Th girl is a negligible creature and might easily have been no more than a little push-over; but Mr. McHugh's intensity of realization makes her human and sympathetic, gives her even a touch of dignity. It is a very sentimental story, with the somewhat curious sentimentality of a generation that has tried to be hard-boiled; but it could have been moving and effective in the hands of a man who was more intent on what he had to say, and less on the way he was saying it.

Mr. McHugh has read much; in the Elizabethan poets, perhaps too much. He might learn something to his advantage from an intensive study of Hemingway and Bunyan, and the King James version of the Acts of the Apostles.

CASTLE GAY. By JOHN BUCHAN. Houghton Mifflin. 1930. $2.50.

Mr. Buchan appears to be one of those austere writers who feel that a murder mystery is too crude and simple to engage the attention of a competent craftsman. Unfortunately a public which has been fed on raw meat is not likely to get much excited about a mystery motivated by a rich newspaper owner's distaste for personal publicity. There is, eventually, more to it than that; Lord Beaverbrook's romantic campaign for the restoration of monarchy and the old frontiers in Hungary has inspired Mr. Buchan to wonder what would happen if the more headlong Hungarians took Beaverbrook at his word—especially if he were not Beaverbrook but a newspaper proprietor of very different type. But it all comes to nothing in particular, perhaps because of the law-abiding habits of the British Isles. When parties of armed and desperate men confront each other in this turbulent republic, we know there is going to be shooting; but when it happens in a Scotch castle we can be fairly confident that the crisis will be ended, as it is, by the entry of the local policeman.

There is much pleasant description of the countryside of lowland Scotland, and a number of engaging characters, some of whom are resurrected from Mr. Buchan's "Huntingtower" of a few years past. Also there is, or threatens to be, a love story; but at the last the young pair who have been drifting toward each other part with a handclasp and a promise in their eyes. Evidently the author, with truly Scottish economy, is going to use them again in another novel; but that hardly excuses him for letting down the purchasers of this one, who keep expecting something of some sort for three hundred pages, and never get it.

SO I SAID TO MR. MORGAN. By MICHAEL SHEPARD. Greenberg. 1930. $2.

The tradition that Americans can always laugh at their own misfortunes is an excellent one in many ways, but it sometimes leads to a conscientious merriment that is worse than gloom. For example, "So I Said to Mr. Morgan." This is a book of depressing humor dealing with the crash in the stock market. It was not, apparently, written against time; it is true that from internal evidence it might well have been, but at least the publisher does not plead that in extenuation.

The book displays a positively pathetic reliance upon the ability of tried situations to carry themselves with no assistance from the author. The central theme, a fool parted from his money by the fall in stocks, is of course by common consent highly humorous, and it is accompanied by a number of scenes which ought on past performance to be equally good. Thus a man discovered by his wife in the arms of a woman is well known to be funny, so in "So I Said to Mr. Morgan" the hero is so discovered, and is even hit by a vase for good measure. A man changing mistresses is also a reliable laugh, and is included. Lesbianism is automatically humorous, and there is an inexcusable scene with a woman in a dinner jacket. The syllable "ex" has been found recently to be a keen sally in itself, hence it appears in a paragraph that is quite as sparkling as anything in the book:

> It slowly dawned on me that maybe my wife would become an ex-wife, my home an ex-home, and the way I felt about Modra at that minute I didn't even care if she became my ex-mistress. As I walked along everything became ex. The ferry would probably become my ex-ferry. I would be an ex-Leonia Highter.

And so on for ten lines more. The exigent reader who asks more than this will not find it.

LUCY AND THREE. By MARY GRANGER. Brewer & Warren. 1930. $2.50.

Lucy and her father, Lucy and her husband, Lucy and her lover. Here is a grim story of farm life, with much of its effectiveness lost because of ill-chosen time and scene. It is set apparently in New England, where love of the land has become an anomaly, and set certainly in these days when the grimness of isolated farmhouses is disspelled by radios and Fords. This consciousness of the comparative ease of living makes the story of Lucy's thralldom less convincing than if it had been set thirty years back. She keeps house for a father who disgraces her by drunkenness and sordid living. The picture of the twelve-year-old girl overhearing a nasty quarrel between father and mother, and becoming suddenly aware of unfaithfulness and scandal, is vivid and dramatic. After her mother's death, instead of working in the city, which would have meant escape and quite possibly accomplishment, even among cheap companions and tawdry standards, she lives on with her father and his "harlot," a shell grown round her sensitiveness, hard now and vindictive.

At seventeen she marries the boy she has waited for, only to move into dire poverty and worse slavery on his distant farm. It is physical drudgery without any spiritual comfort from an inarticulate companion—day after day of hard labor, night after night of loneliness. Her father's dissoluteness is replaced by her husband's gambling. Certainly the situations are difficult, but they do not seem inevitable. Lucy is sharp and intelligent, with definite personality. For many years after her marriage she is childless, and could again escape to other work, but instead buries her suffering once more within herself, and hardens and hates. When occasional flashes of affection for her father brighten her gloom, or scraps of pity for her husband, she despises her own softness. Neither does she try to make the best of things, nor to change them materially. Her final decision to give up love and tenderness for the home she has already made for herself, represents no test of character. Her lover is ten years younger and a student. She would only be burying herself deeper. So the story ends—Lucy still in the poor farmhouse, her father drunk in the cellar, her husband still a potential gambler. There is no spiritual struggle and no victory.

PROSPERITY STREET. By BARNABY BROOK. Minton, Balch. 1930. $2.50.

Charles Dickens has been dead a long time, but a pretty good novel can still be written by any practical writer who takes him as a model. This may be not quite fair to Mr. Barnaby Brook, who has some very considerable merits of his own; but the fact remains that the earlier and Dickensian chapters of "Prosperity Street" were the most interesting to this reviewer.

Mr. Brook falls back on an old formula which is still unfailing—the preface which sets forth that this is the inner history of a young man who attained brilliant distinction; in this case, the prime ministry of England. As you meet Francis Peyton and Peter Wass in the opening chapter, ambitious penniless boys in a lodging house in some Yorkshire city, you know (for the preface has told you) that they are on the way to being great men, and you cannot help being interested in their adventures on the road. Peyton began as a newspaperman, and in the history of his rise in journalism, the pictures of the men with whom he worked and who in one way or another helped him upward, Mr. Brook has done some very admirable writing indeed.

The second half of the book is something of a let-down. Mr. Brook evidently intended the second half of Francis Peyton's life to be something of a let-down; youthful dreams have given way to the crass realities of wealth, fame, and practical politics. The trouble is that all through these chapters the author is on the wrong side. He appears to have little use for the woman Peyton married, and to admire highly the romantic little art teacher whom he loved in his youth. To this reviewer's notion Mrs. Peyton—full-blooded, humorous, realistic, standing up to life as it is and getting the better of it—is worth a dozen of the other. But it is only in the last page or two that the author permits her husband to do her belated and grudging justice.

THE GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS. By ELLIOT PAUL. Liveright. 1930. $2.

Killing two birds with one stone is a neat trick if you bring it off, but sometimes you miss them both. Mr. Elliot Paul has put a good deal of excellent work into this novel, without producing the results which the effort ought to have effected. In one aspect the story is the history of Elijah Griffin, a Boston organ manufacturer at the turn of the century, who by chance was chosen Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts, succeeded to the Governorship on his chief's sudden death, and thereupon became an object lesson of what happens to a candid and utterly honest man in American politics. As a text-book on governmental machinery, the novel at times rivals McCready Huston's "Dear Senator." Mr. Paul has put his experience as a Boston reporter to good use, and done some devastating pictures of politicians that look to the outlander as if they were drawn as nearly from life as the libel laws permit.

Written straight, it would have been an effective story. But Mr. Paul chooses to present it through the medium of a first-person narrative, told by a young man who became the Governor's secretary as accidentally as Elijah Griffin became Governor. The narrator is a psychopathic abouliac, completely at the mercy of circumstance because he never does anything of his own motion. "I longed," he says, "for what every man really wants, I suppose—no work and two beautiful women." He got the two women, but as they happened to be close friends he had to give one of them up when he married the other; and his destiny entailed a good deal of work in the book and threatens more at the end. It is an interesting type, and its reactions on circumstance would have made an amusing story—if it were not continually bumping into the story of Elijah Griffin, and the sermon on the futility of honesty in politics. The final effect is something like that of a photograph printed from two negatives, one superposed on the other.

FRENCH LEAVE. By *Jeannette Phillips Gibbs*. Little, Brown. $2.50.

RED SNOW. By *F. Wright Moxley*. Simon & Schuster. $1.

(*Continued on page 94*)

"Those who know Mr. Baring's delicate touch will need no assurance that they will find here grace and elegance."—THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Robert Peckham

BY MAURICE BARING

author of
The Coat Without Seam

The story of the life of this early 16th century English gentleman has been told by Major Baring with singular charm and delightful brevity of style. It is a quiet story, full of interesting historical comment, this account of the conflict in the soul of Robert Peckham between devotion to Catholicism and love of King and country and the final triumph of his faith, and it leaves the reader with a rare feeling of satisfaction.

$2.50 at all bookshops

Alfred · A · Knopf BORZOI BOOKS Publisher · N · Y ·

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquires in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, 2 Bramerton St., Chelsea S.W.3, London.

G. T. S., Seattle, Wash., asks for information on starting a circulating library.

IT would save the time of this department to print a slip with the answer it gives: (1) Ask Miss Marion Humble, Secretary of the National Association of Booksellers, to whose omniscience I transfer my responsibility in such cases, and (2) begin now, if you have not done so already, to read the *Publishers' Weekly* with minute attention. But there has just reached this desk a book on the production, promotion, and distribution of books in this country, so practical and informing that it should be in the possession of anyone with an idea of beginning a bookshop. "Books: Their Place in a Democracy" (Houghton Mifflin), was prepared for the Carnegie Corporation by R. L. Duffus; it has a section on lending libraries in the chapter "The Bookseller" which makes the best possible take-off for such an undertaking, but this is only one of the fourteen chapters crammed with good sense and so brightly written that they are rapidly read.

Mr. Duffus's book is so up-to-the-moment that it even has something to do with price-cutting. In this connection a cutting from *Punch* for the year 1895 may have interest. I rescued the volume from a barrow for the sentimental reason that the people in it were wearing the clothes they wore when first I saw London, this being the year when that event took place. The first item to strike my eye was the following, written by "Auctor Ignotus":

> I see that the "Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge" is issuing such books as "The Talisman" and "Robinson Crusoe" in a penny form. Why should some publisher not start a half-penny series of equally valuable works? For example, I am convinced that my epic poem called "Hades Revisted" might have been more popular than it actually was had the natural eagerness of the masses to obtain a copy not been ruthlessly checked by the prohibitive price of seven-and-sixpence.

H. C. H., Middle Haddam, Conn., asks what to buy to revive a thirty-years-ago reading of Italian. What dictionary, and what "beyond Goldoni and this side of Dante?"

THE "Dictionary of the English and Italian Languages," by James and Grassi, in its fifteenth edition, is now published by Ezra A. Cook, 1350 N. Clark Street, Chicago; this firm also publishes a pocket edition, now in its twenty-ninth edition. The "Essentials of Italian Grammar," by J. L. Battista (Harvard University Press), will serve to bring up those submerged rules and exceptions. It may under the circumstances be better to begin reading with an annotated text, and there are fortunately several by contemporary authors. "Novelle Italiane Moderne" (Century) includes stories by Pirandello, Zuccoli (whose touching novel of adolescence, "Things Greater than He," was published in English by Holt), Panzini, Civinini, and Mathilde Serao. Giacosa's "Tristi Amori" is published by the University of Chicago in a series that includes Silvio Pellico's "Le Mie Prigioni"; Goldoni seems to be already on the list, but for the benefit of others seeking to brush up a little Italian, it may be set down that "La Locandiera" and "Il Vero Amico" are in inexpensive schoolbook editions (Heath). For poetry there is the "Oxford Book of Italian Verse" (Oxford University Press), which goes from the thirteenth through the nineteenth century; Macrae-Smith publishes a little book with "One Hundred Best Italian Poems." If you wish really to revive an ability to read in a foreign language, don't use "texts" too long; get confidence by them, then choose a book you want to read, and just jump.

A. G. S., Norfolk, Va., asks if the novelle of Matteo Mandello are available in a good English translation.

THE complete novels of Bandello are to be found in "Tragical Tales," in the translation of Sir Geoffrey Fenton (1567), modernized and edited with glossary by Hugh Harris; this is one of the series of "Broadway Translations" published by Dutton. The inquirer answered above may be interested in a little book in Brentano's "Bilingual Series," Bandello's "La Novella di Romeo e Guilietta."

E. C. G., Yonkers, N.Y., asks "Is there an Icelandic literature? I should like to study the history and literature of Iceland, and would be grateful for advice as to available publications."

JUST you ask the American Scandinavian UST you ask the American Scandinavian York, whether there is an Icelandic literature. They will tell you about a thousand-year-old continuing tradition, lowest percentage of illiteracy, and other proud features of Iceland's story, such as will make your eyes stick out. I know, because I asked them some years since, when I had just been dazzled by the modern play, "Eyvind of the Hills," which still seems to me one of the outstanding dramatic achievements of our time. This is by Johann Sigurjonssen, and is given, together with his "The Hraun Farm," in "Modern Icelandic Plays" (American Scandinavian Foundation). Is has the strength and sweep of Sigrid Undset's novels, and greater fire

There is but one history in English, Knut Gjerset's "History of Iceland" (Macmillan), but this is comprehensive. If travel books are needed, there are besides Baedeker (in "Norway and Sweden") "Across Iceland," by W. Bisiker (Longmans, Green), and N. Annandale's "The Faroes and Iceland" (Oxford). "The Prose Edda" of Snorri Sturluson is published by the American Scandinavian Foundation; they also publish "The Poetic Edda," two volumes in one, the translation by H. A. Bellows. "The Laxdaela Saga," translated by Thorstein Veblen, is published by the Viking Press. The University of Texas publishes "The Poetic Edda," by Lee M. Hollander, and Macmillan a large and scholarly work by B. S. Phillpotts on "The Elder Edda and Ancient Scandinavian Drama." Selections from Icelandic poems are given among the "Anglo-Saxon and Norse Poems" translated by N. Kershaw (Macmillan), and there is a volume of "Translations from the Icelandic," by W. C. Green, published by the Oxford University Press.

There is a brief and inspiring account of all the sagas, with an annotated list of English translations, in William Alexander Craigie's "Icelandic Sagas" (Macmillan), and if you are thereby led to take up the study of the language in which they were written, there is a primer of it by the same author, "Easy Readings in Old Icelandic" (Hutchen).

H. S., Wichita, Kansas, asks for publishers of the English versions of the works of Spinoza, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, and Voltaire; he does not wish information about Burt, Modern Library, or Everyman editions, or about rare or limited editions.

THREE guesses are given as to the book this reader has just been reading.

I am forced to disregard the limitations of this reply by beginning with the "Ethics" of Spinoza, contained, with his "De Intellectus Emendatione," in one volume of the Everyman's Library, because there, so far as I know, is the only form in which you can get Spinoza in English and in print, save in the recently published "Correspondence of Spinoza," translated and edited by A. Wolf (Dial). This throws additional light on his writings. Professor Wolf, of the University of London, has also translated "The Oldest Biography of Spinoza," recently published by the Dial Press as part of the commemoration of the 250th anniversary of Spinoza's death. This is supposed to be the work of Jean Maximilian Lucas; it was finished in 1678, when an enthusiastic friend, like the writer, felt the responsibility of defending him from the charge of godlessness and declaring that from his ideas one could get a convincing sense of Deity. There are two fine works on his philosophy: H. M. Joachim's "Study in the Ethics of Spinoza" (Oxford), and R. P. McKeon's "The Philosophy of Spinoza: The Unity of His Thought" (Longmans, Green).

The "Complete Works" of Friedrich Nietzsche, in eighteen volumes, are published by Macmillan; this includes his autobiography, "Ecce Homo," and an index to his writings. These are also sold separately, and if I were to choose three they would be, in this order, "Thus Spoke Zarathustra," "Beyond Good and Evil," and "The Joyful Wisdom." An admirable general survey of his philosophy may be found in W. M. Salter's "Nietzsche the Thinker" (Holt). He appears in the biography of Ludwig of Bavaria by Guy de Pourtales, "The Mad King" (Holt), together with Wagner.

Macmillan publishes eight small volumes of the works of Schopenhauer, including "Studies in Pessimism," "Wisdom of Life," and the important "Art of Literature." For his masterpiece, "The World as Will and Idea," you must get three large volumes from Scribner. A small volume of "Selections" from Schopenhauer is in Scribner's "Modern Student's Library," and Dr. Durant has a condensed version of "The Works of Schopenhauer" as the second volume of the "Philosopher's Library" that was to utilize the momentum engendered by his first work.

Voltaire's "Candide" is in the series of "Broadway Translations" (Dutton), and Dutton publishes his "Zadig" in a volume with other romances. Lippincott publishes a small volume of "Selections" from his works. "Voltaire, Genius of Mockery," by Victor Thaddeus (Brentano), is a journalistic sort of life of him, recently published.

O. O., Oxford, Ohio, says: "Here are two titles to add to your list of college novels, a recent one, 'Spirals,' by Aaron Marc Stein, published in 1930 by Covici-Friede; and an old one, 'Bertram Cope's Year,' by Henry B. Fuller, published in 1919 by Ralph Fletcher Seymour of Chicago.

" 'Spirals' is a novel of Princeton written generally in sentence fragments that strangely avoid monotony by sudden flashes of beauty. 'Bertram Cope's Year' is an altogether satisfactory novel about the year the hero spent teaching English and working for his master's degree at presumably Northwestern University. There are several delectable chapters about week-ends at that fine desert, the dune region of northwestern Indiana."

J. H. S., Terre Haute, Ind., needs a book that will give an account not only of Sir Henry Morgan's battles with the Spanish, but of those he fought around Gibraltar.

THERE is of course the grand old narrative of Alexandre Olivier Exquemeling, a Dutch classic of 1678, "Buccaneers of America," by an eye-witness and fellow-worker. This is in the "Broadway Translations" published by Dutton; it is edited by W. Stallybrass with a foreword by Andrew Lang; the spelling is modernized, but the report is given verbatim. The only recent life of Morgan I know about is a novelized biography, "The Cup of Gold," by John Steinbeck (McBride), which follows the events of his extraordinary career with unusual fidelity. He appears also in an uncommonly exciting work, "Pirates Old and New," by Joseph Gollomb (Macaulay), and in George Wycherley's "Buccaneers of the Pacific" (Bobbs-Merrill), and in a recent book for boys, "With Morgan on the Main," by C. Bennett (Dutton). If this seems too long a list to give one who calls for "a book," I have had some experience with people who read one book about Sir Henry Morgan.

B. *M. P., Cambridge, Mass., suggests other books which might interest the "Virgil Student, Wisconsin" (S. R. L., July 5):* "He should not think of missing Professor Edward Kennard Rand's 'In Quest of Virgil's Birthplace' (Harvard University Press), wherein Professor Conway's views about the location of Virgil's farm are elaborately and charmingly disputed. He would also want to read another Harvard Press book, 'The Youth of Virgil,' a translation by Belle Palmer Rand of Professor Bruno Nardi's 'La Giovinezza di Virgilio' (Mantua, 1927). The book contains a new appendix on Virgil's birthplace which gives little quarter to those who would locate it at any other place than Pietole.

"Also celebrating the bimillennial are two Virgilian calendars, the one issued by the St. Alban's Press, Washington, D. C., the other by the American Classical League and published by Ginn & Co. The two calendars by no means duplicate one another.

"If your correspondent wishes at any time to make a Virgilian cruise, either in person or in spirit, he will find assistance in an anniversary map published by the American Classical League, New York University, University Heights."

P. W. W., Salisbury, Conn., asks for books on excavations and discoveries of Indian ruins of the Southwest, and anything on the Southwest generally.

EARLE R. FORREST, author of "Missions and Pueblos of the Old Southwest" (A. A. Clark, Prospect Avenue, Cleveland), has a unique knowledge of these ruins, and has embodied in his book the result of twenty-five years personal investigation. It is a large volume and costs six dollars; it deals with myths, legends, fiestas, and ceremonies, with accounts of Indian dances and of the Penitentes. The publications of the Peabody Museum should be consulted, especially those about Indian ruins by A. F. Bandelier; one of these is "The Hemenway Southwestern Museum." "Mesa, Cañon and Pueblo," by C. F. Lummis (Century), is a popular and comprehensive description of the desert, the cañon of the Colorado, and the petrified forest of Arizona; this, and Ernest Peixotto's "Our Hispanic Southwest" (Scribner), are beautifully illustrated, the pictures in the latter being especially fine. "Under Turquoise Skies," by W. H. Robinson (Macmillan), goes from the cliff dwellers to the present time; this too has excellent pictures. A brief guide for an intending traveler is C. F. Saunders's "Finding the Worthwhile in the Southwest" (McBride); a larger one is Agnes Laut's "Through Our Unknown Southwest" (McBride). The Land of Journey's Ending," by Mary Austen (Century), is one of the most sympathetic and deep-seeing studies of a part of our country that we have; it is the book I suggest to those who ask for one to follow "Death Comes for the Archbishop" or the middle part of "The Professor's House," and give them more about this magic land.

Speaking of ruins and the magic of excavation-work, a book has come quite recently from Holt that will enchant anyone who cares for this subject: "Magic Spades," by R. V. D. Magoffin and Emily C. Davis. Professor Magoffin takes the Old World discoveries, Miss Davis those in the New World; there is a section on museums and one on publications.

BACK FROM ANOTHER WORLD

Out from the enveloping darkness of insanity—across a borderland of vague shapes and shadows—the author vividly traces the progress of her struggle to regain reason.

"The Shutter of Snow" probes into strange things. Mrs. Coleman tells, in sensitive, impressionistic prose, of her extraordinary personal experience in an asylum for the insane.

THE SHUTTER OF SNOW . . . by

EMILY HOLMES COLEMAN

Not merely an important case history in abnormal psychology, but a profound description of a human experience. Mrs. Coleman's impressions have been authenticated by leading psychiatrists. $2.50

THE VIKING PRESS
18 EAST 48th STREET -:- -:- NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

Juvenile

(*Continued from page 92*)

LITTLE BOY OF NAZARETH. By EDNA MADISON BONSER. Smith. 1930. $2.50.

It would hardly seem possible that another account of the life of the Boy Jesus, written for children, could find a place. Yet this one, carried out on quite a unique plan, seems to have really unusual and individual values. Chief among these might be put the comparing and linking of Old Testament, New Testament (that is, the advent of Christ upon the scene), and modern life. Many children nowadays have quite lost or confused the true values of the Old Testament in literature and history, and also in religious life. Mrs. Bonser has the Child Christ listen to many of its foremost tales told him as the well-loved history or legend of his own people, suitably interpreted in this way by being thrown into their right perspective. At the same time, mingled with the study of the daily life of Jesus's family, are questions as to related subjects or practices of our own day. The latter, with suggestions as to how to obtain answers, are placed at the end of each chapter, thus completing the links.

Under the heading of "Things to Do" suggestions are given also as to illustration and additional study of each chapter through the typical graphic processes of modern education, so that the book is well equipped to be used either at home or as an excellent basis in an up-to-date Sunday school. For either purpose the imagined parts of the story are well within the reasonable limits and the background always authentic. Ample and interesting footnotes throw further light for the reader upon references to the customs and resources of Palestine, and are very instructive. Directions to Bible texts for location of the stories or of the many passing references are also given. A real achievement of climax in the development of the story is to be noted.

TREASURE TROVE OF PIRATE STORIES. By RAMON WILKE KESSLER. Appleton. 1930. $2.50.

In making this anthology, Mr. Kessler has remembered the importance of variety. We have Henry Gilbert's "The Capture of Julius Cæsar by Pirates" and Mr. Kessler's own "When Morgan Captured Panama" to represent history. Biography offers "The Great Fight of Captain Teach" better known as Blackbeard. The homelife of buccaneers as well as their marine diversions can be studied in the fascinating article, "A Desperate Pirate," by Rowan Stevens. The mellow pirate story is set forth in "Tom Chist and the Treasure Box," while in contrast with Howard Pyle's charm we have Captain Dingle's "Piracy," which, hurried and incredible as it is, has a kind of energy and a sense of looting that are in themselves somewhat piratical. And then "The Gold Bug" and old Jupiter to remind the reader of a treasure buried in an older time and page. If this collection shows anything, it is the advantage of a prose style; of all these pages, the transition from Poe's to Pyle's is the only one that can be accomplished without a horrid jar.

Murder Will Out

By WILLIAM C. WEBER

ELLERY QUEEN, the pseudonymous gentleman whose first mystery story, "The Roman Hat Mystery," was far above the average, now offers an even better yarn in "The French Powder Mystery" (Stokes: $2). The body of the victim, wife of a Fifth Avenue department store owner, is concealed in a wall-bed in a window display of modernistic furniture and is exposed to the horrified public when a demonstrator opens the bed. Ellery Queen and his father, the Inspector, unravel inch by inch a tortuous snarl of clues, and finally uncover the murderer, whose only mistake was in covering the trail too well. A most ingenious method of drug peddling is exposed in the course of the story and the solution of the yarn is dramatically presented. The two Queens, father and son, are not quite so sickly sweet on each other as they were in the first book, and the action is quicker and more logically presented. Whoever "J. J. McC," the amanuensis for the Queens, may be, he has placed himself—with only two crimes—among the very best American mystifiers.

There are too few collections of good short detective stories. Too often, in an effort to avert the alleged sales evil-eye of "short stories" the author will weave in some poor "continuity," the reader will see the book announced as a "new story" by so-and-so, and feel cheated. But "The Book of Murder," by Frederick Irving Anderson (Dutton: $2), is boldly announced as short stuff, and is worth the attention of the most captious mystery readers. Here are ten long stories distinguished by excellent writing, puzzling crimes, and two plausible and interesting detectives—Parr of New York and Orlo Sage, the village constable. Mr. Anderson's story, "The Wedding Gift," is so well done that the reader feels even a bit sorry the clever murderer didn't get away.

Prosper Fair, Duke of Devizes, holds the stage again in Bertram Atkey's new tale, "The House of Strange Victims" (Appleton: $2). Here the "vagabond detective" encounters a wealthy doctor who isn't what he should be but whose palpable victims all swear by him. Even the man who puts Prosper on the trail of Sir Morgan Greere becomes his devoted servant once he joins the contented but sinister company at Druids Fane, Sir Morgan's palatial country home and sanitarium. There is some pseudo-science involved in the solution that is a bit ridiculous, but the atmosphere of the book is pleasantly creepy and its pace swift and exciting.

Anthony Wynne's "The Yellow Crystal" (Lippincott: $2) is the best exploit of Dr. Hailey, the fat detective, since "The Sign of Evil"—which was the first. The body of Sir John Oldmay is found floating in the sea, skull smashed in and fingers of one hand badly crushed, on the day after two of his friends in London had received letters from him full of presentiment of sudden death. There is something patently wrong with the household of the murdered man, and Dr. Hailey and his friend Wickham of Scotland Yard soon discover that Sir John's son and his prospective son-in-law had motives for disposing of the elder Oldmay. There is a lot of fascinating running up and down the wrong alley until Dr. Hailey in a moment which is a trifle too omniscient, follows the clue of the shred of yellow crystal to the proper solution. The ending is a bit of a let-down and gives the impression that the author worked himself into such a mysterious crime that he was obliged to take the easiest way out.

There is probably no American mystery writer of today so prodigal with plots and sub-plots as Harry Stephen Keeler. In "The Amazing Web," which must have worn out seven typewriters in the making, he poured and stirred about half a dozen different yarns, and now in "The Green Jade Hand" (Dutton: $2) he is almost as lavish. There is a murder, a hidden treasure, a missing book—a rare collector's item, an idiot detective, an amateur investigator, page after page of absorbing information about petermen and safe-cracking, incidental love interest, etc. The story has all the faults of this author's works—it is badly over-written, absurdly melodramatic, spotted with careless grammar—or lack of it—and yet it is so crammed full of action and excitement that its faults are swallowed up in the absorbing interest of the many-faceted plot. It is a completely good story.

H. Ashton-Wolfe, who once worked with Bertillon in The Paris Sûreté, is now writing about the exploits of that famous crime detecting bureau. His new book, "The Thrill of Evil" (Houghton Mifflin: $3), contains a dozen tales of a crime *à la Français*. Mr. Ashton-Wolfe is best taken in small doses. The Grand Guignol atmosphere of such stories as "Kiki; a Tale of Hanoi Shan, the Spider," "The Case of the Tattooed Men," and "The Man Who Bred Cats" became a bit cloying after the first few episodes. But the methods of the French police are always interesting to follow, the criminals are delightfully diabolical, and the writing, though florid, makes the most of the gory incidents with which it deals. Incidentally, in these variations upon actual crimes one discovers the genesis of several detective novels and a famous mystery play. The truth, as usual, is stranger, etc.

Sax Rohmer, creator of Fu Manchu, must have been very tired when he wrote "The Day the World Ended" (Crime Club: $1). It is one of those super-scientific criminal affairs, with Dracula trimmings, and just won't go down even in a very idle hour. "The Torch Murder," by Charles Reed Jones (Dutton: $2), is the second "Leighton Swift story." It is reminiscent of a recent front page murder and is cheap throughout. The chief interest in "The Tabloid Mystery," by Clement Wood (Macaulay: $2), is in its presentation. The book is composed of forty-three—count 'em—feature stories from the *Daily Star*, a typical tab, and three editorials, one of which is titled "The Wages of Sin Is Death." Mr. Wood has the tabloid morals and methods down pat, and the story rarely becomes burlesque, although the crime never seems quite real—like the people one reads about in the tabs.

The Compleat Collector.

RARE BOOKS · FIRST EDITIONS · FINE TYPOGRAPHY

Conducted by Carl Purington Rollins & Gilbert M. Troxell.

"Now cheaply bought for thrice their weight in gold."

Facsimile Publications

CURRIER & IVES PRINTS: The Spirit of America. New York: W. E. Rudge. 1930. $2.25.

THIS handsomely produced volume is the first of a series which will go far to comfort the legion of amateurs of the prints of Currier & Ives who, perforce, cast longing eyes in vain toward the fine book published by Mr. Harry T. Peters in 1929. Each subsequent volume of this series will deal with one special aspect of the America of the nineteenth century. This arrangement will emphasize, if such emphasis is any longer necessary, the extraordinary significance of these prints of the vanished life of which we are just now becoming more and more conscious.

This first volume, which serves as a general introduction to the series, contains eight prints in admirable reproduction and a suggestive prefatory essay by Mr. W. S. Hall. One might wish that Mr. Hall had made more of the analogy, which he suggests, between the function of the ballad and that of the work of Currier & Ives, or that he had protested not quite so much in defense of the artistic merits of the prints, but the reader is on the whole grateful for what Mr. Hall says both explicitly and by implication.

The eight prints which are reproduced deal in a general way with the Spirit of America, *i. e.*, the America of three quarters of a century ago. Accordingly they reflect the bygone life of the prairie, the scenery of New England and California, and the ships of the Mississippi and the open sea. They reproduce with fidelity the colors and the spirit of the larger originals.

Good Printing

THE ZAMORANO CLUB. Los Angeles. 1929.

A SMALL, carefully printed book from Mr. Bruce McCallister of Los Angeles gives an account of a club of book lovers of that city who in 1927 formed a group "to discuss books and enjoy each other's company." The club was named for Agustin Vicente Zamorano who operated the first printing press in California, in 1834-36. The officers of the club are: President, Arthur M. Ellis; Vice-President, William W. Clary; Secretary, Garner A. Beckett.

BETWEEN THE LINES. By H. M. TOMLINSON. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1930.

WHAT Tomlinson writes is always worth reading, but it has not always been well printed; this book is an exception in that sound and sense are adequately paired off. Of this lecture, delivered at Harvard, Yale, and elsewhere, 160 copies on hand-made paper have been printed. Baskerville type, hand-made paper, and a binding of black cloth with ornamented paper, makes an attractive book.

ALL ABOUT MOTHER GOOSE. By VINCENT STARRETT. Glenn Rock, Penn.: The Apellicon Press. 1930. $10.

DO you happen to have T. Fleet's "Songs for the Nursery," Boston, 1719, laid away somewhere? If you have it, you will be able, since no one else has a copy, to add an important bit of evidence as to who was Mother Goose. The present miniature *opus* of forty pages is Vincent Starrett's lively acount of Elizabeth Vergoose (née Foster) of Boston, whose claim to the honor is set forth with circumstance and humor. D. B. Updike has printed the book, in an edition of 275 copies, from Jansen type of large size. As I have said before, the type is delectable. But the use of catchwords in printing today is an irritating detail.

MARRIAGE TODAY AND TOMORROW. By HAVELOCK ELLIS. San Francisco: The Westgate Press. 1929.

THE third of the "Westgate Signed Editions"—Havelock Ellis's short essay on marriage—has been printed by the Grabhorn Press in an edition of five hundred copies. The type is Lutetia, the paper is Arnold, and the presswork beyond reproach. The editions of "collected" authors are signed in each case by the author.

FIFTEEN LYRICS. By JOSEPH MONCURE MARCH. New York: The Fountain Press. 1929. $10.

I SOMETIMES think that the printing of poetry is the most difficult task which is set the printer, because of the shortness of lines, the difference in length of poems, and the necessity for making the book as legible as possible for a poetry-scoffing world! The Fountain Press's little book of poems by the author of "Wild Party" and "The Set-up" has been set in a large, suitable face of type for poetry, readable and attractive. The typography and type-setting have been done by James and Hilda Wells; 417 copies have been printed.

WILLIAM BLAKE'S "THE BOOK OF THEL." The Book Club of California. 1930.

THIS book gets away to a good start, with a title-page of merit; the thin italic type of the text and the uneven presswork are unfortunate.

PIRATICAL BARBARITY, or, The Female Captive. New York: The Peter Pauper Press. 1930.

IF you like this sort of shilling shocker—in the style of the early nineteenth century—why you do: and that's that. In the present case, the printers say with some piratical bravado that they have not too closely followed "a pamphlet of about a hundred years ago." So read this only if you want the appearance of highly seasoned food; the victim's piratical friends are only stage properties. But Herb Roth's pictures are great.

In looking about the vast machine shop which is America, one may easily find a hundred printing offices where very good work indeed is turned out; but he will hunt a long time to discover a printing office which in its printed product shows imagination, a sense of design, an appreciation of fine types. Such an office (not more than four exist in the United States) functions under the direction of Peter Beilensen, at New Rochelle, under the name of the Walpole Printing Office. The Walpole Printing Office not only selects good types, but uses them with accurate and economical craftsmanship.

A New Decameron

THE DECAMERON OF GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO. Translated by RICHARD ALDINGTON. Illustrations by JEAN DE BOSSCHÈRE. New York: Covici-Friede. 1930. $17.50.

THIS new edition of the "Decameron" is chiefly notable for the illustration by Jean de Bosschère. These pictures are too fantastic and bizarre to be either good illustration or good pictures: and the "Decameron" has always seemed to me to call for pictures neither bizarre nor fantastic, but mundanely humorous. The typography of the volume is fair enough, but hardly as distinguished as the price would call for. The translation seems smooth and not archaic, and the stories lose nothing of their interest in the retelling. R.

House Announcements

THE fall and winter list of Random House publications seems to me more important and more interesting than usual. It includes Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer," hand-set by the Pynson Printers, with sixty-eight two-color drawings by Donald McKay, and in a binding of leather and especially designed fabric—2,000 copies at $20; Rockwell Kent's new book on Greenland, "N by E," with seventy two-color illustrations—700 copies at $20; Bernard Shaw on Karl Marx, three articles written in 1887, with the Shaw-Wicksteed correspondence on Marx—550 copies at $10; George

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gershwin's "Songs," a collection of sixteen, with color illustrations, etc., by Ralph Barton—300 copies at $25; a "Bibliography of Ernest Heminway," with copious illustration of title-pages—350 copies at $6. Besides these books there are editions of Beowulf, Cellini, Baron Munchausen, "The Time Machine," an autobiography of André Gide, La Fontaine, and "Wuthering Heights" announced for publication.

In addition to the Random House imprints, the current list includes publications of the Cranach, Nonesuch, Fountain, Golden Cockerel, Haslewood, Shakespeare Head, and other presses. Altogether it is an imposing list of books which are enumerated in this four-page folder. R.

THE EVOLUTION OF PUBLISHERS' BINDING STYLES, 1770-1900. By MICHAEL SADLEIR. London: Constable. 1930.

THIS essay is an admirable example of the kind of writing done so brilliantly in England on the subject of bibliography; no American would have thought of attempting such a study, partly because books of the nineteenth century are, for the most part, disregarded as relatively unimportant, and partly because there seems to exist among the most intelligent American bibliographers and collectors a curious unwillingness to appear in print. With uniform modesty, they all preserve a heavy silence, clinging tightly to their particular funds of information, and leaving the publication of books almost entirely to compilers of check-lists of the familiar "high-spot" type. Occasionally, some one composes a brief note for his intimate friends, or contributes an introduction to a catalogue, in which he laments the fact that the owner of the library thus immortalized never could be persuaded to put into permanent form any of the knowledge he possessed. The authorship of a volume like Dr. R. B. McKerrow's "Introduction to Bibliography" could only be acknowledged with such an excess of shyness that few, apparently, care to undergo the experience.

Mr. Sadleir's present book is not light reading, designed for the entertainment of casual collectors; it demands, in fact, constant and rather concentrated attention. "The purpose of (this) investigation," he begins, "has been to set down as accurately as possible the evolution *in England* of what is called 'publishers' binding' from the last quarter of the eighteenth century to the decade preceding the death of Queen Victoria; and I must confess forthwith to a frequent misuse of the word 'binding,' which ought not properly to be applied to the vast majority of publishers' cases of any epoch, but has come to be so applied by an age that knows little enough of binding proper. The form of envelope (be it of paper wrappers, paper boards, cloth, or what not) in which any book was first issued by its publisher is more baffling to the student of bibliography than any other part of that book. To begin with, if the volume were published during the long decades when 'binding' proper, for reasons of beauty or of permanence, was the fashionable or conventional thing, the publisher's envelope was immediately discarded and destroyed. . . . In other words, the object of such a quest as this present one is in the very nature of things exaggeratedly ephemeral. And because a publisher's binding represents an intermediate stage in book manufacture and is not registered in detail on the records either of the printer or the publisher, the enquirer into even quite modern binding problems finds himself oddly starved for data. . . . No one will have written down what cloth and precisely of what shade was used; whether there was gold on the front as well as on the spine; whether a 'first binding' was adjusted to uncut sheets or whether—by instruction or by hazard—the earliest copies were guillotined and the case proportioned accordingly." The period from 1730 to 1770 saw books issued in plain paper wrappers, with merely an indication of the volume numbering on the outside coverings; gradually, however, publishers began to furnish cases of greater permanence, and even to print title-labels on the spines of their books, as if to suggest politely that it was not necessary always to have everything rebound. Cloth made its appearance about 1825, although Dr. Geoffrey Keynes has found that William Pickering published a volume called "Poetical Fragments" in 1821 which was bound in a "peculiar purple cloth." Until 1840 the struggle between the older boards and the upstart invention continued; after that time, Mr. Sadleir's problem resolves itself into a study of the development of various styles of bindings. Nothing could be more illuminating and more perfectly handled than his discussions of gold and ink-blocking on cloth, or his notes on the secondary bindings commonly employed by the Victorian publishers; his entire book, in fact, is so invaluable a help that in the future it cannot possibly be ignored. Without pretending to knowledge he does not possess, and without making ostentatious display of his particular talent, he presents with astonishing simplicity the results of what must have been an enormous amount of research in a field that has not—certainly in the past—attracted anyone. His "Trollope: a Bibliography" was a superb piece of work; his "Evolution of Publishers' Binding Styles" is equally fine, and equally as important. After such an inaugural volume, the series it introduces, "Bibliographia: Studies in Book History and Book Structure, 1750-1900," will be watched with the greatest interest and attention. G. M. T.

A recent sale at Sotheby's, London, presented many interesting features. Says the *London Times Book Supplement:*

A very fine one-page letter from Burns to his brother Gilbert Burns, dated July 10, 1796, full of reference to his ailments and one of the last he ever wrote—it was written eleven days before his death—fetched £630. The autograph manuscript, the property of the late Dean Kitchin, of stanzas VII. and IX. of Keats's "Isabella, or the Pot of Basil," on two pages, with important variations from the printed version, £640. A letter from P. B. Shelley to John Williams, dated Bond-street, May 18, 1814, printed by Mr. Ingpen for the first time in his edition of Shelley, and with a facsimile in the sale catalogue, was a disappointment at £74. A series of autograph manuscripts of Sir J. M. Barrie, the property of Mrs. Gilbert Cannan included *Walker, London,* 1892, on seventy-three pages octavo, £380, and those of several stories believed to have been published in magazine form only, "A Tilly Loss Scandal," fifty-nine pages, £190; "Bad Form, or an Inconsiderate Waiter," fifty-one pages, £200; "Is it a Man," twenty-two pages, £125; and "A School Revisited," £120.

The autograph manuscript of George Gissing's "Veranilda, a story of Roman and Goth," published posthumously in 1907, on 114 pages quarto in a minute hand, £370; and a series of seventy-two autograph letters from 1880 to 1902, addressed to his sisters Madge and Margaret, and all dealing with his literary struggles—in one of the earliest he appears en thankful to get a guinea for ses in *Temple Bar*—£320. A le o-and-a-half pages from Dicker in Blanchard, concerning "Barna ," and referring to Mrs. Trollope, £92. One from Thackeray to J. M. Kemble, dated Paris, December 13, 1836, writing from "interested motives," and asking for his influence to procure him the appointment as Paris correspondent of a new evening paper, £43. But by far the most important Thackeray letter of the week was that sold at Puttick and Simpson's yesterday week; this was addressed to W. S. Williams (of Smith, Elder and Co.), October 23, 1847.

"I wish you had not sent me 'Jane Eyre.' It interested me so much that I have lost . . . a whole day in reading it at the busiest period, with the printers I know waiting for copy. Who the author can be I can't guess. . . . It is a fine book though. . . . It is a woman's writing, but whose? . . . Give my respects and thanks to the author—whose Novel is the first English one that I have been able to read for many a day,"

and fetched £430; while an almost equally interesting letter from Charlotte Brontë to W. S. Williams, November 17, 1847,

". . . The *Spectator* seemed to have found more harm than good in 'Jane Eyre,' and I acknowledge that distressed me a little. . . . Critics are capricious and the public is fickle. . . . Ellis and Acton beg to thank you for the kind offer of your services with Mr. Newby, &c.,"

brought £210 at the same sale. Reverting to the sale at Sotheby's, mention may be made of a collection of letters and documents relating to the Marquis de Lafayette, ranging from about 1790 to 1831, 77 pages, £80; and the autograph correspondence of Philip, Earl of Hardwicke, author of the "Athenian Letters," concerning the American Revolution, to George Aust, of the Secretary of State's Office, ranging in date from 1779 to 1788, in two quarto volumes, £92.

The printed books included several presentation copies of J. M. Barrie, "Tommy and Grizel," 1900, inscribed "To Violet Vanbrugh, the best of all possible Kate Ommaneys," £64; "An Edinburgh Eleven," 1889, in the original wrappers, and inscribed "To Marjory," £70; and "Courage," the Rectorial address delivered at St. Andrews University, May 3, 1922, inscribed to A. B. Walkley, £46.

Counter Attractions

NEW & OLD BOOKS :: COLLECTORS' ITEMS :: STAMPS & PRINTS :: LITERARY SERVICES

BARGAIN OFFERS

DAUBER & PINE BOOKSHOPS' Current and Forthcoming catalogues, free to collectors specifying interests: No. 60, English and American Remainders (Fine, New Books at greatly reduced prices.) No. 69, The Famous Hans Mischke Library of Art and Illustrated Books. No. 70, Fine and Standard Library sets. No. 72, Miscellaneous Books (including Anthropology, Magic, Occult). No. 73, Natural History and Sports. No. 74, First Editions, Fine and Rare Books. Visit our Attractive Shop and inspect our large, choice and reasonably priced stock of Rare, Old and New Books. Open until 10 p. m. Dauber & Pine Bookshops, 66 Fifth Avenue at 12th Street, New York.

CATALOGUES FREE. FIRST editions, rare books, fine sets, Americana, miscellaneous. Schulte's Book Store, 80 Fourth Avenue near 10th Street.

20% DISCOUNT; ANY BOOK published. Book Bazaar, 1743 47th Street, Brooklyn.

WE SPECIALIZE IN CURIOUS BOOKS; privately printed items in limited editions; unexpurgated translations; unusually illustrated volumes. Join our select clientèle. Catalogue on request. The Falstaff Press, Dept. S, 489 Fifth Avenue, New York.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore, 93 Fourth Avenue, New York.

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES. List free. Salisbury's, 78 East 10th Street, New York.

BOOK BINDING

EXPERT HAND BOOKBINDING and Casemaking for First Editions or Autographs, Exclusive Best Imported Materials. Restoration and all forms of Scientific Book Reclamation. Period Modernist and Conventional Designs. Prices on request. Bennett Book Studios, Inc., 240 West 23rd Street, New York City.

BOOK PLATES

COPPER PLATE STYLE $4 to $5 per hundred. Send 10 cents for sample. Frank E. Bittner, 251 High Street, Nutley, N. J.

BOOKS FOR WRITERS

DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE of the Writer's Library, sample copy of The Writer's Monthly and particulars of Dr. Essenwein's famous forty-lesson course in Short-Story Writing free; write today. The Home Correspondence School, Dept. 88, Springfield, Mass.

FIRST EDITIONS

FIRST EDITIONS AND AUTOGRAPHS material of modern authors. Advise us of your particular interests and we will send specially prepared list of quotations. Catalogues issued. Phoenix Book Shop, Inc., 41 East 49th Street, New York City.

GELBER, LILIENTHAL, INC., offer a fine collection of Frank Norris First Editions, including McTeague. Fine copies of Huck Finn and Jumping Frog, Reveries of a Bachelor (Ik Marvel), etc. 336 Sutter St., San Francisco.

FOREIGN BOOKS

FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, Spanish books and periodicals. Catalogues. Books for the study of all languages. Our experience of over seventy years will serve you. Schoenhof's, 387 Washington, Boston, Mass.

GALSWORTHY'S "Modern Comedy," First issue with misprint, mint $2. Tremayne, Knebworth, England.

FRENCH BOOKS

VISIT THE FRENCH BOOKMAN, 202 W. 96th Street (near Broadway). "Headquarters for French Books and Magazines." Low prices. Catalogues 5 cents (stamps).

GENERAL

ODD CURIOS, unusual and extraordinary Books and Autographs. Write for catalogue. State your own interests. Union Square Bookshop, 30 East 14th Street, New York.

WHERE DID YOU GET YOUR FAMILY NAME? Where, when and how was it created? You may have a valuable family record. Research through authentic historical data to determine all of this has created a very extensive library of nomenclature. Most family names have exceedingly interesting histories. For a fee of $2.50 (limited time only) such a research will be sent of your name. If, for any reason, you are not satisfied the money will be refunded. If research cannot prove the history, money will be returned. And no charge made. Nomenclature Research Library, 7 Front Street, San Francisco, California.

LITERARY SERVICES

HAVE YOU A STORY FOR THE TALKIES? Accepted any form except unproduced plays. Marketing, revision, copyright protection. Established 1928. DANIEL O'MALLEY CO., Suite S, 1776 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

MANUSCRIPTS ANALYZED, criticized, revised, prepared for publication, marketed. Book manuscripts a specialty. Twenty-five years' experience as writer, editor, publisher. Helpful text-books. Catalogue. James Knapp Reeve and Agnes M. Reeve, Box A, Franklin, Ohio.

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY agent. Books, short stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. Special department for plays and motion pictures. The Writers' Workshop, Inc., 135 East Fifty-eighth Street, New York City.

LITERARY SERVICES

STORY IDEAS FOR PHOTOPLAYS, talking pictures, magazines. Accepted any form for revision, development, copyright and submission to markets. Established 1917. Free booklet gives full particulars. Universal Scenario Company, 411 Western and Santa Monica Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.

YOUR MANUSCRIPT SHOULD BE sold! This office sells plays, novels, short stories, published books or produced plays for motion pictures. International connections. Publications planned. Editor, literary advisor. Grace Aird, Inc., 591 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED—Interesting as well as uninteresting material desired. Neat, accurate, and prompt service guaranteed. Fifty cents per thousand words. Florence Becker, Alba, Pa.

OUT OF PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT Books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Avenue, New York.

PRINTING

PRIVATELY PRINTED EDITIONS handsomely and economically produced under the direction of a well-known book designer. Beekman Hill Press, 18 Beekman Place, New York.

SCHEDULE OF RATES

ADVERTISING RATES for this classified page are as follows: for twenty consecutive insertions of any copy, minimum twelve words, 7 cents a word; for any less number of insertions 10 cents a word. The forms close on Friday morning eight days before publication date. Address Department GH, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York, or telephone BRYant 0896.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from THE INNER SANCTUM *of*
SIMON *and* SCHUSTER
Publishers*, 386 Fourth Avenue, *New York

Time for another EDDIE CANTOR *rally! His latest opus is published today, entitled* BETWEEN THE ACTS

According to the American credo, it is always darkest just before the dawn. Perhaps that is simply one of the consolatory illusions of a perniciously optimistic people, but this truth your correspondents hold to be self-evident: *it is always blackest just before the new* EDDIE CANTOR *book appears.*

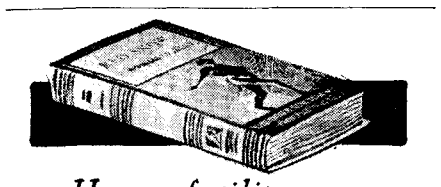
When all seemed desperate on November 13, 1929—even the margins of this column were reduced by the printer—the tide was finally turned by the celebrated CANTOR-ROCKEFELLER rally and the publication of *Caught Short!*

Once more the world is in sackcloth and ashes, once more despair is in the saddle [although the saddle is not on the horse], once more doom stalks everywhere. The time has come, in other words, for a new EDDIE CANTOR opus—and it appears at all book-stores today under the title "*Between the Acts.*"

"*Now (thanks to Republican prosperity) that people are on their feet again, having had their cars taken away from them,*" says EDDIE, "*I believe the time is ripe for another humorous episode at one dollar.*"

Between the Acts is NOT a saga of wailing Wall Street: it is a bigger book than *Caught Short!*, and, believe it or not even funnier; 114 pages devoted—as only "the masculine Maude Adams" can devote—to glorifying the American scene, and titillating the funny-bone of the badly-bruised planet on which disaster is running its widely-advertised race with intelligence.

ESSANDESS.



Human fertility ceases on August 17, 1935—!

RED SNOW
By F. WRIGHT MOXLEY

In savage prose, this sensational novel portrays the headlong career of the human race from the day on which God forecloses on Man.

$1.00

AN INNER SANCTUM NOVEL

Other in this series of new fiction at $1.00, just published:

I AM JONATHAN SCRIVENER by *Claude Houghton*
FIFTEEN RABBITS by *Felix Salten*
CASANOVA'S HOMECOMING by *Arthur Schnitzler*
THE EARTH TOLD ME by *Thames Williamson*
DENNY AND THE DUMB CLUCK by *J. P. McEvoy*

At your bookstore, or direct from
SIMON *and* SCHUSTER
386 Fourth Avenue, New York

ANTHONY TROLLOPE
FIRST EDITIONS
Write for list to
R. FLETCHER, LTD.
Fine and Rare Books
23 New Oxford Street
LONDON, W. C. 1, ENGLAND

Eight Famous Editors Now Teach Secrets of Writing FREE Book, "Writing for the Billion Word Market," tells how 8 famous editors, who are successful authors, train you to write stories for best-paying magazines. Most sensible way to learn. Get book today, and free writing test.
POPULAR FICTION INSTITUTE, Dept. 157, 79 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

THE Substitute Phœnician has been a brick as usual, but this time we have surprised that bird by reappearing ahead of time. And we have been cleaning up our desk to the tune of a merry, merry roundelay, because we feel so full of health after the mountains. We got to be a big stalwart boy up there and shot a lot of Cowboy Pool, at which we were pretty average rotten,—but, oh well, we had a good time. . . .

The complexities of life, however, immediately attack us in that we are confronted by an advance copy of a book to be published by Macaulay entitled "Whither, Whither, or After Sex What?" edited by *Walter S. Hankel*, illustrated by *Bill Gropper*, and contributed to by such experts as *Kenneth Burke*, author of "The Worse the Better," *Edmund Wilson*, author of "Tricks with Cards, Coins, and Cuties," *Slater Brown*, author of "The Life of Riley," *Malcolm Cowley*, author of "The Whites of Their Eyes," *Matthew Josephson*, author of "Other Naked People," and *John Brooks Wheelwright*, author of "Period Furniture for Bathrooms." This promises to be a binger among all the late symposiums. In fact it announces itself as "A Symposium to End Symposiums." Its motto is taken from *Lord Byron*:

I would to heaven that I were so much clay
As I am blood, bone, marrow, passion, feeling—
Because at least the past were pass'd away—
And for the future—(but I write this reeling
Having got drunk exceedingly today,
So that I seem to stand upon the ceiling)—
I say—the future is a serious matter—
And so—for God's sake—hock and soda-water!

We read the one on Literature by Wilson and the one on Love by Cowley,—and we think now—as we've just got home—we'll go out for a drink. Honestly! . . .

We believe that those men must be poking a little fun at us as the average reader. We don't really think they wrote all those books anyway. Oh, you can't fool us! They are funning. That's all. They are just funning. Mr. Wilson gets all mixed up on his names, for instance. He doesn't give the same man the same name twice. And he doesn't seem to care *what* he says. Really! We'll bet he's not *really* known as "the Beloved Rogue" *at all!* Mr. Cowley gets nice and serious at the end—oh, but that's when he's quoting. . . .

We find that our friend *Christopher Morley* is gone. No, not dead. He sailed for England awhile ago. While in London, we understand, he was bent on a pilgrimage to the Criterion Bar where, according to "A Study in Scarlet," Dr. Watson met Stamford, the young medico who introduced him to Sherlock Holmes and them there pleasant rooms in Baker Street. Chris thinks there ought to be a tablet put up in that bar-room, and that it ought to be erected—no, not by the publishers alone, who bought the complete copyright of "A Study in Scarlet" for twenty-five pounds—but in such a way that the multifold readers of Sherlock Holmes could all have a part in it. . . .

F. S. Crofts & Company on August first acquired the Alfred A. Knopf text book department. That's that. . . .

Joseph Auslander has been visiting in Europe those places where the genius loci has called forth the great poems of the world. Landing in Norway in the early summer he has journeyed leisurely through Northern Europe before going down into Italy. His new kind of travel book will be brought out by Doubleday, Doran. . . .

Henry Holt and Company have put out *Daphne Muir's* historical novel "The Pied Piper" with a gold band around it informing the reader that he may return the book to the publisher if not satisfied. The guarantee will hold until October 15th. Well, up to August 25th you can send back this Phoenix Nest and we will give you a package of paper-clips and a recipe for red-eye. . . .

Putnam's announces for Fall publication a new book by *Arthur Weigall* entitled "Nero—The Singing Emperor of Rome"; and we can think of a perfectly swell dedication to the book. It is "My Dog To Thee". . . .

Mexican horses have been imported by the thousand, we understand, to use in the big Oklahoma Run scene in "Cimarron," which is now being filmed. Only five hundred of the fifteen hundred horses required could be found in and around Los Angeles. A troupe of wranglers were at last sent into Mexico with orders not to return unless with at least a thousand steeds. And what are the statistics of unemployment in the United States at present? . . .

Herewith our extreme salaam of congratulation and a hand-picked bunch of wistaria to *H. L. Mencken* who at last joins the ranks of the benedicks. September 3rd, we understand, is the happy day, the bride *Miss Sarah Powell Haardt* of Baltimore. Her first novel is entitled "The Making of a Lady". . . .

Carl Sandburg's newest volume of poetry will be published by Harcourt in October, and illustrated by *James Daugherty*. It is a collection of his poetry for children and the title is "Early Moon". . . .

We hear that "The Rector's Daughter," by *F. M. Mayor*, now first published over here by Coward-McCann is a really excellent performance. It was first published in England six years ago and acclaimed by British critics. *Rebecca West's* enthusiasm first brought the work of F. M. Mayor to Coward-McCann's attention. . . .

The same firm is bringing out "Memoirs of an Infantry Officer," by *Siegfried Sassoon*. In a sense it carries on "Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man" but is a perfectly independent book and does not depend upon a reading of the other. . . .

Speaking of fox-hunting, *A. Henry Higginson*, President of the Masters of Foxhounds Association of America, has written his publishers, the Huntington Press, 205 East 42nd Street, that he has just got *John Masefield* to consent to write an introduction to Mr. Higginson's forthcoming book, "As Hounds Ran: Four Centuries of Fox-Hunting". . . . The book is an anthology of hunting songs and essays. . . .

The Viking Press, we hear, has got a good book in *Major Francis Yeats-Brown's* "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer." It is due on October fourth. . . .

J. B. Lippincott have just received the manuscript of *Hilary Belloc's* latest biography, "Wolsey," which they will publish late in October. . . .

Sinclair Lewis has been asked to serve on the committee of patronage of a new magazine, *Promethe, Revue Européenne*. Among the distinguished men on this committee are *Paul Valéry* and *André Gide*, representing France; *Thomas Mann*, Germany; *Stefan Zweig*, Austria; *Pio Baroja*, Spain. This honor is not surprising considering Lewis's reputation in Europe. . . .

Prize contest announcements come thick and fast. Henry Holt are offering a prize of a hundred dollars to that reader of *Bernard Newman's* "The Cavalry Comes Through" who succeeds in identifying the largest number of characters in the book, and Longmans, Green is issuing "one last reminder" that the final date for the closing of its Second Juvenile Prize Competition is September 30, and that any original unpublished story in English, suitable for girls or boys from twelve to sixteen years may be submitted, with no limitation on plot, title, or style. *Scribner's Magazine* wishes to correct the erroneous impression that the winner of its $5,000 prize long story contest has been selected. The contest does not close until September 20. The Book Prize Committee of the Harvard Associated Clubs has chosen as the book for its annual award to the best all-round boy in each of upwards of 250 preparatory schools *James Truslow Adam's* "The Adams Family," recently published by Little, Brown. Mr. Adams earned his M. A. at Yale. To take that curse off his work the book is to be especially bound in crimson three-quarters Levant, embossed in gold with the seal of Harvard University. . . .

Doubleday, Doran has now brought out "The Complete Stalky & Co." *Rudyard Kipling*. This book includes all of the Stalky stories and one altogether new story never before published in book form, to round out this classic of the English public schools. Kipling has gathered together all the Stalky stories and poems that appeared in other of his books and rearranged them himself to get them all under one roof, so to speak. . . .

So long, and so long!

THE PHOENICIAN.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS New York

For the Art-Lover
XXTH CENTURY SCULPTORS
By STANLEY CASSON
Fully illustrated, with a title-page design by Eric Gill. By the author of *Some Modern Sculptors*. "An extremely able critic with an extraordinary breadth of appreciative understanding."—*International Studio*. $3.50

For the Lover of Ideas
THE WHEEL OF FIRE
Essays in Interpretation of Shakespeare's Sombre Tragedies
By G. WILSON KNIGHT
Introduction by T. S. Eliot:
"Reading his essays seems to me to have enlarged my understanding of the Shakespeare pattern." $4.50

For the Returned Traveller
GLEANINGS IN EUROPE
By JAMES FENIMORE COOPER
Edited by Robert E. Spiller
VOL. I: FRANCE.
VOL. II: ENGLAND.
The witty and outspoken narrative of a fearless critic of both America and Europe.
Each, $3.50

For the Student of International Affairs
PROBLEMS OF PEACE
Fourth Series
Lectures delivered at the Geneva Institute of International Relations, August, 1929, by Salvador de Madariaga, Professor C. Delisle Burns and others. $3.00

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
114 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

The Child's Emotions
Chicago Association for Child Study and Parent Education
Twenty-eight distinguished men and women offer guidance for parents and teachers everywhere. $2.50

Children and Movies
By Alice Miller Mitchell
Mrs. Mitchell knows what 10,052 children think about the movies. Check your facts with hers. $2.00

The Fred Newton Scott Papers
Edited by Clarence D. Thorpe and Charles E. Whitmore
Fourteen literary essays ranging from the gravest to the gayest. $5.00

The Thinking Machine
By C. Judson Herrick
How we think, what our apparatus of thinking is and how it works—explained so that we may make a better job of thinking. $3.00

The University of Chicago Press

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED